LITTLE ROYALTIES

by

ISABEL McDOUGALL

Great Bend Public Library

GREAT BEND, KANSAS.

Class No. 923 Date Rec'd 25-F-'09

Book No. M14 Donor

Accession No. 2508 Fund Bookfund

☞ *This book should be returned at the end of two weeks; otherwise the librarian is required to collect a fine of two cents per day.*

Lula Goodwin

LITTLE ROYALTIES

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_T4-AKA-210

THE GREAT NAPOLEON'S SON.
(*See Chapter* 3.)

LITTLE ROYALTIES

Stories about the Children of the Rulers of Europe

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE RULERS OF AMERICA

BY

ISABEL McDOUGALL

CHICAGO: NEW YORK: TORONTO
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY
LONDON: EDINBURGH

Copyright, 1904
By Fleming H. Revell Co.

A823
M14

UNIVERSITY PRESS · JOHN WILSON
AND SON · CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.

To the Boys and Girls of the North Shore

Preface

IN America every citizen is a sovereign, so that all the boys and girls are, in a way, princes and princesses. Here are collected for these children of the rulers of America some true stories about children of the rulers of Europe.

Wonderful times had those little royalties, with their voyages, their battles, their captivities, their escapes, and their many adventures, which sometimes ended sadly enough for them. Wonderful times, indeed, had they, with their palaces and their troops of attendants, their robes and their crowns, their ponies and their pets; with bull-fights and regiments and parades for the boys; with jewels and balls and tournaments for the girls.

But then they had to study twice as hard and be twice as well-behaved as little commoners, for they had to make ready for the task of governing nations. And some of them grew up to be good kings and queens, and some of them grew up to be bad kings and queens; and some were never allowed to grow up at all, because other people wanted to be kings or queens in their places.

These stories about them are, indeed, absolutely true, historically accurate, even to the conversations reported and the costumes described; yet there are a few guesses at truth. In the account of the wedding toilet of Richard of York it seems fair to assume that some women of rank would have dressed the King of England's five-year-old son, and that — the month being January — they would have had a fire and bath substantially as represented. We do not know that the child actually uttered the words put into his mouth, but we do know what his wedding clothes were; that with them went a small sword, which could hardly fail to please his boyish fancy; that he was named for his uncle Richard of Gloucester; that Uncle Richard was humpbacked and had a nervous trick of playing with his weapon; and that the wife

and children of Edward IV. feared this humpbacked uncle; so that, after all, there is but slight stretch of the imagination here.

"A Twelve-Year-Old Empress" might be analyzed in the same way.

Parents or teachers wishing to verify the facts are referred to Doran's "Book of the Princes of Wales," Agnes Strickland's "Queens of England," "Bachelor Kings of England," and "Tudor and Stuart Princesses." The ceremonial of the coronation of an emperor of Germany, with some other matter, is drawn from LaCroix's "Manners, Customs and Dress during the Middle Ages." Most of the details of the education of an Infante of Spain occur in Justi's "Life and Times of Velasquez." Beauchesne's "Life of Louis XVII." was freely used for the story of the Little Dauphin. There are numerous biographies of Henry of Navarre, one of the briefest and most picturesque being included in Dumas' "Great Men of France." Perhaps the most interesting biography of the Great Napoleon's Son is that by M. de Monbel, who obtained his information from the Austrian officer Prokesch, who was the young prince's closest companion.

Dumas' stories, however, must be taken with the recollection that he was a professional story-teller. It may also be admitted that good Agnes Strickland, although accurate, was incurably romantic, and that Beauchesne infallibly took the loyalist and sentimental view of affairs. But why should we not present to the young the anecdotal, the sentimental, the romantic side of history? Later in life they may be led to lay hold of its severer lessons.

If our boys and girls can be interested in this study, they may avoid the reproach often rightly made to us older Americans, that our knowledge is limited to two centuries of events on our own soil and slights the great movements that made European civilization —that ultimately made our own civilization —and are in truth earlier chapters of the history of the United States.

It remains to say that most of the material for these sketches appeared in "The Interior," whose editor kindly permits its use in this somewhat altered form.

I. McD.

Contents

EDWARD VI., THE BOY KING (1537–1553), *England* 1

AN INFANTE OF SPAIN (1629–1646), *Spain* . . . 15

THE GREAT NAPOLEON'S SON (1811–1832), *France* 29

THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I. (1638), *England* . . 47

RICHARD II.'S CHILD WIFE (1389–1409), *France* . 63

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD EMPRESS (1101–1167), *Germany* 79

THE YOUNG STADHOLDER AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL (1625–1650), *Holland* 95

THE LITTLE DAUPHIN (1785–1795), *France* . . . 113

HENRY OF NAVARRE (1553–1610), *Navarre* . . . 127

THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER (1470–1483), *England* 143

List of Illustrations

FACING PAGE

The Great Napoleon's Son . . . . . title

Edward VI., the Boy King 3

An Infante of Spain, Don Balthazar Carlos 17

The Children of Charles I. of England . . 49

Windsor Castle, English Home of Richard II. and His Child Wife 65

William II. of Orange—Mary Stuart of England 97

The Little Dauphin, Son of Louis XVI. . . 115

The Princes Edward and Richard in the Tower 145

EDWARD SIXTH

The BOY KING *of* ENGLAND

1537–1553

EDWARD SIXTH—THE BOY KING.

Edward Sixth

The Boy King of England

1537–1553

FOR four days the body of King Henry VIII. lay in state, and heralds called on all passers-by to pray for his soul. Some scowled and said the wicked tyrant did not deserve it of them; and others murmured that they did not believe in prayers for the dead; but many really wept and prayed as if he had been the best of men. On the fifth day he was buried with extraordinary pomp in Westminster Abbey beside his favorite queen, Jane Seymour. And all the great officers of the crown stood by in heavy black robes, and broke their rods of office and threw them into the open grave.

"But they had others given them," wrote in his journal a boy of nine, who was present at the ceremony.

Now this observant little boy wore the deepest mourning of all; and doubtless every one of those great lords watched him out of the corners of their weeping eyes, for he was the son and heir of the dead king, and a few days later was crowned Edward VI. of England.

There was no make-believe about the joy over his coronation. A cruel, bloody, bloated despot had passed away, and in place of him this innocent child was to rule the people. He looked like an angel, and was said to be as good as he was beautiful, and wonderfully learned for one so young. So the citizens of London could not do too much to celebrate the day. They had fountains, shaped like a golden lily or like a royal crown, put in the city squares, which played white wine and red; they stationed bands of music at the corners and choruses of singing children. One of the songs began this way:

"Sing up, heart! sing up, heart! and sing no more down!
But joy in King Edward, that weareth the crown!"

Flags and streamers flew from every window. At one place the Lord Mayor and many city fathers, with their chains of office about their necks, waited to present a purse of gold to their young sovereign; at another a band of priests in rich vestments stood ready to chant and swing their perfumed censers before him; here and there were groups in allegorical costumes representing England, Mercy, Justice, Learning, and so on, ready to make speeches and recite poems in his honor; free entertainments of one kind or another were stationed all along the streets in hopes of catching his eye. And everywhere swarmed crowds of people cheering for their new king.

He rode at the head of a gorgeous procession through the city, on a horse caparisoned in crimson satin embroidered with gold and pearls. Six knights on horseback carried a state canopy over him, but he galloped out from under it and kept ahead of it, so that his people might see him better.

What they saw was a slender lad with short fair hair, hazel eyes beaming with intelligence, and a gentle face, that flushed and paled with excitement. He wore a gown of cloth of silver, damasked with gold; a doub-

let, cap, and shoes of white velvet decorated with silver filigree from Venice, in which were set pearls and rubies. He looked about him eagerly as he rode. He hurried past the speech-makers, but he lingered at the sight of dragons sending flowers out of their jaws, or Valentine and Orson fighting; and he stayed his horse in delight before a Spanish rope-dancer who came gliding down on his breast from the spire of St. Paul's cathedral to the ground without using either hands or feet, and then ran up his rope again and performed many tricks in mid-air.

At Westminster Abbey the long royal mantle was laid upon the boy's shoulders. Some great nobles of the realm held his train, others marched before him carrying the crown, the orb, the sceptre, and the three swords of state.

"Doth a king then need three swords?" asked Edward, "and behold one is pointless; why is this?"

"That is Curtana, the sword of mercy," they answered him, "the two sharp ones are the swords of justice; one for the temporal and one for the spiritual estate."

"That," said Edward reverently, "should

be represented by the Bible, which is 'the sword of the spirit.'"

Then he was led into the mighty cathedral where the sovereigns of England are crowned and buried, and seated on a huge throne of white and gold before the altar, and there were prayers and sermons and hymns. At a certain time in the service four gentlemen lifted him high in a chair towards the four sides of the great church, so that all the assembled multitude might see the small figure, and the Archbishop asked if they accepted him as their rightful king. To which the crowd shouted loudly, "Yea! yea! yea! God save King Edward!"

Then he was anointed and crowned, first with a dim antique diadem worn by the old Saxon king, Edward the Confessor; then with the richly jewelled crown of the realm, which was much too big for him, and finally with a small crown made for him to wear. Then the trumpets sounded and the sceptre and all the emblems of royalty were given him, and the peers of the realm came and offered their homage in the ancient fashion, each kneeling and, putting his hands between the hands of the boy king, kissing his right foot and his left cheek.

After that there was a state dinner, at which he still wore his crown and his long purple robe furred with miniver, and where, according to old custom, Sir John Dymock, Champion of England, rode in full armor into the great hall and flung down his gauntlet, offering to do battle with any one who should question the right of Edward to the crown. And after all the excitement and pageantry and exhortations, it must have been a very weary nine-year-old boy who was divested of his royal trappings and left to sleep in his big state bed.

Young as he was, Edward was better fitted to rule a nation than many a grown person. Though his father was about as bad a man as ever lived, and his mother died when he was born, he had been carefully educated by a kind stepmother and wise tutors. He knew several languages. Before he was eight years old he spoke Latin fluently, and wrote long letters in that language to his father and sisters, and he faithfully continued his studies after he became king. He was thoughtful of his duties and responsibilities. He kept a sort of journal in which he chronicled the events of his reign and his opinions of the principal men of his court. When he was

about twelve years old he set down his ideas as to how matters might be improved in his kingdom; he desired to increase education, have good laws which high or low alike must obey, extend England's commerce and industries. All of which papers have been preserved, and help to show what kind of a lad this was, placed so early upon a throne. Best of all he was sincerely religious. Once, when he wanted to reach something from a high shelf, a little playmate brought him a great heavy Bible to stand upon.

"Nay," said Edward, "we must not trample the precious Word of God under foot." And he wiped the dust from off the sacred volume with his cloak, kissed and laid it carefully upon a velvet cushion.

Now this really good little king did a strange thing shortly after his accession to the throne. One of his young companions persuaded him that a king ought to swear. All kings did, and he could teach young Edward, so that he should not be behind any of them. Did he not remember the terrific oaths of his late majesty Henry VIII.? Edward did remember very well how profane of speech his royal father had been, and the two boys put their heads together with as-

tonishing results. First Edward practised his new accomplishment on his servants, who naturally said nothing. Then, when he thought himself sufficiently advanced, he met his grave uncle, the Lord Protector, with a string of oaths, and swore lustily at his lords in council. Their dismay at such language from the saintly boy must have been comical. The matter was inquired into, and Edward's mischievous adviser was soundly whipped.

Even then, when he really was in fault, no one laid hands on the sacred majesty of England. If he did wrong his "whipping-boy" was beaten for it. This was a young Irish lad of good family, named Barnaby Fitzpatrick. The jolly, sturdy fellow was somewhat older than Edward, and cared little for his floggings, but the young king winced at every blow, and his rare naughtinesses were worse punished than if they had fallen on his own delicate body. He and Barnaby were great friends through life.

Edward had few friends, chiefly because his uncle Somerset, the Lord Protector of the kingdom, kept him jealously guarded, lest any one else should acquire an influence over him. Once when Lord Somerset was

away fighting the Scotch, he sent back news of success by a youth named Nicholas Throckmorton, who had himself borne gallant part in the battle of Pinkie. Edward loved to hear the young man tell of the total defeat of the Scotch and how many were slain, and how the Earl of Huntley and other Scottish nobles were captured — all because, as he said, the Scotch would not keep their word and marry their little queen, Mary Stuart, to him.

"Ay, my liege, and know ye what Lord Huntley said of that same marriage, while he lay a prisoner and my Lord Protector carried fire and sword into Scotland?" asked Throckmorton. "'Faith,'" said he drily, "'the marriage may be weel enow, but I dinna like the manner o' the wooing.'"

Indeed, the marriage never took place. The girl queen of Scotland was married to a French prince, Francis of Valois, whose sister, Elizabeth of Valois, was betrothed to the young King of England.

As for young Throckmorton, his soldierly talk and his gay spirits were most welcome to his lonely young sovereign. Edward was a good boy, he liked his lessons and his sermons and his grave councillors, but some-

times he liked a little fun, too. One day the grave old folks were scandalized by a regular romp in the palace. Throckmorton came flying out of the room with Edward at his heels, dashed through the halls, and finally hid behind a large chest near the back staircase. Edward vainly tried to pull him out, and at last struck him lightly with the flat of his sword as he crouched, saying, "Arise, Sir Nicholas!" And so was Throckmorton made a knight! It was an honor his courage in battle had fairly won, but people grumbled that it should have been so carelessly bestowed.

Edward always listened to sermons with great attention. When he was about fourteen Bishop Ridley preached on the duty of almsgiving, and told about the needs of the poor in London in a way that touched the boy's tender heart.

After the sermon he sent for the bishop in private, and said to him in his straightforward, earnest way, "My lord, you wished such as are in authority to devise some good means for the relief of the poor; wherein I think you mean me, for I am in highest place, and therefore am the first who must make answer to God for my negligence." He was

anxious, he told the bishop, to do right, so he begged for advice as how to best help the poor.

The bishop consulted with the Lord Mayor of London and returned word that same evening that the poor of London might be divided into three classes: those unable to support themselves, like young fatherless children and old folks; those out of work through sickness or accident; and those who were idle and vicious. Accordingly, the king established Christ Church School for the education of poor children; St. Thomas's Hospital for the sick; and Bridewell, a house of correction for the idle and vagabonds.

In all there were thirty-nine free schools and several hospitals founded during the short reign of the boy king, most of them through his own efforts. Christ Church School is the most famous of these because many great men were educated there. To this day the Blue-Coat Boys, as the scholars are called, are among the picturesque sights of London. They still wear a costume which was the usual plain dress of a London boy when Edward VI. was on the throne, but it looks strange now; long yellow stockings,

and a long blue coat or gown with a leather strap about the waist, into which the boys tuck their skirts out of the way when they play.

Edward was always delicate. He died of consumption before he was sixteen, July 6, 1553. His death was as gentle and pious as his life. On his last day on earth his physician heard him praying and noted down his words.

"O Lord God," prayed the dying king, "free me, I beseech thee, out of this miserable and calamitous life, and receive me among the number of thine elect; if so it be thy pleasure, although not mine but thine be done. To thee, O Lord, do I commend my spirit. Thou knowest, O Lord, how happy I shall be, may I live with thee forever, yet would I might live and be well for thine elect's sake, that I might faithfully serve thee. O Lord God, bless thy people and save thine inheritance. O Lord God, save thy people of England, . . . and preserve thy true religion in it, that I and my people may bless thy holy name for thy Son Jesus Christ."

AN INFANTE OF SPAIN

1629–1646

AN INFANTE OF SPAIN—DON BALTHAZAR CARLOS.

An Infante of Spain

1629--1646

THACKERAY, the great writer who hated shams and loved children, once made fun of the state in which royal persons used to live. He said: "The king commands the first lord-in-waiting to desire the second lord to intimate to the gentleman usher to request the page-of-the-ante-chamber to entreat the groom-of-the-stairs to implore John to ask the captain-of-the-buttons to desire the maid-of-the-still-room to beg the housekeeper to give out a few more lumps of sugar, as His Majesty had none for his coffee, which probably is getting cold during the negotiation."

Now all that stiffness and ceremony hardly exaggerates the etiquette of the court of Spain. There is an old story about a

queen of Spain being burned to death because the person whose special duty it was to order another person to tell a third party to put out the fire was absent. And the very stiffest and starchiest time of all was when Spain was at the height of her power, about two hundred and fifty years ago. Then, Portugal, a good part of Italy, and other European countries were under the rule of King Philip IV. of Spain; nearly all of North and South America belonged to him; he had possessions in Africa and Asia. Of a king of Spain it was first said that "the sun never sets on his dominions."

The heir to this ruler of two worlds was a lively, active, little prince, — or Infante, as the royal princes of Spain are called, — named Balthasar Carlos. He had his own apartments in the great gloomy palace, and that end, at all events, was full of sunshine, of little feet pattering about, and a little impatient voice calling and laughing, and a stirring boy who transgressed many of the rules of etiquette.

There were so many of them! If he so much as wanted a drink of water he must remain quiet and dignified while a servant brought it in a cup of bucaro — a fine scented

clay from the East Indies — on a golden salver; then one of the Infante's personal attendants, a boy of one of the noblest families of Spain, presented it to him kneeling, and another youthful hidalgo knelt beside him with a napkin.

King Philip IV. was a cold, reserved, intensely haughty man, paying little attention to wife or children, or even kingdom, and really caring for only two things, hunting and painting. In fact, the chief reason why he is remembered to-day is his long friendship with Velasquez, one of the greatest painters who ever lived. Velasquez painted the king's portrait many times, and naturally, almost as soon as the Infante Balthasar Carlos was old enough to keep still, he began painting him.

One of the first portraits shows a little flaxen-haired figure in a long dark green, gold embroidered frock; he has an oval face and brown eyes like his sweet mother's; around him are curtains and cushions of imperial purple and red; he holds a sword in one small hand, and in the other grips the baton of command, like a true heir to the throne, although his baby royalty is so unsteady on his feet that he uses it as

a walking stick; just in front of him stands a dwarf holding out a silver bell and an apple to tempt the little one towards him.

In those days all great princes kept jesters and dwarfs to entertain them. The jester, or fool, wore odd striped garments, and a cap with bells on it. His business was to say and do amusing things, something like a clown in a circus. He was allowed to take many liberties; he made sharp speeches even to the proudest personages; he called the king "cousin"; if he disapproved of the king's actions the jester would boldly offer his cap and bells, saying that His Majesty was more of a fool than himself.

Besides jesters it was customary to keep dwarfs or deformed people. These were gorgeously dressed and treated very much as people to-day might treat pet monkeys. The Queen of England, who was the aunt of the Spanish Infante, had a famous little dwarf. His name was Jeffrey Hudson, and he was presented to her in a large pie. When the pie was opened, out stepped upon the table a manikin eighteen inches high, with a bow and a pretty little speech he had been taught to say to the queen. As may be seen from many pictures taken at the

time, the little Infante of Spain also had his pets and his dwarfs and his jesters, to follow him about and make merry for him in the pompous, solemn court.

What Balthasar Carlos liked best was his pony, however. When he was but four years old he took his first riding lesson. There is a picture of this, too, with the king and queen and prime minister, and of course some dwarfs, looking on, in the court of the palace, and the young prince sitting firm, with hand on hip "wheeling quite jauntily," writes one who saw him, "and like a great man, cool on a mettlesome steed."

When he was six years old his uncle Ferdinand sent him from Italy a fine suit of armor, two Italian greyhounds, and a pony stallion. The pony, he wrote, was "a little devil," but if it were carefully bridled and given half a dozen lashes it would "go like a little dog." And under its daring young rider it did "go like a little dog," if that means willingly and obediently, but full of play. The Infante was painted galloping on his chestnut pony, wearing a plumed hat, and a floating crimson scarf, and holding a baton in his hand. And he was painted in resplendent golden

armor; he used to wear this when he went with his mother to review the troops, and all the people of Madrid would throw up their caps and cheer with delight to see him. And of course he was painted with his dogs and gun, for he became an accomplished little sportsman, much to his father's delight.

When he was but nine years old he cut quite a figure at bull fights and boar hunts. These were the favorite Spanish sports. The first took place in a sort of circus, or amphitheatre, where the seats rose tier above tier, crowded with people, and the royal box had throne-like chairs, and a crimson canopy, and the Spanish flag flying, and a guard of soldiers in bright armor standing about it. In the ring below picadors and matadors and toreadors teased a big bull, flapping scarlet streamers at him, and sticking darts into him, and leaping lightly aside when he dashed at them. Sometimes they were badly hurt, and often their horses were killed. It was a cruel sport, but very exciting; and all the people leaned from their seats and clapped their hands and yelled "Hurrah for the bull!" and "Hurrah for the toreador!" according as one or the other got the best of it.

You may be sure the little prince in the royal box laughed and cheered and clapped his hands with the rest. And in the depths of his dark, secret heart probably the king was aroused, although I don't suppose he laughed, for it is on record that Philip IV. smiled but three times in all his life. Once when the bull was wounded and must be put out of his pain, the king told his son to see if he could shoot him from where he sat. So the Infante rose up in the royal box and aimed with his own little gun, while every one watched him. Bang! and the bull fell dead, shot square in the middle of his forehead, and the arena rang with shouts of "Bravo, Don Balthasar!" "Bravo, el Infante!"

The prince was but nine years old at the time of that good shot. He went home with his little bosom puffed with pride. And that same year he had the honor and glory of himself killing a boar in the Sierras.

When the court went boar-hunting a quantity of stout heavy canvas was sent for; sometimes as much as twenty wagon-loads of it. This was securely fastened from stake to stake around a great extent of country, forming a sort of canvas fence

about a vast enclosure, into which many wild animals were driven. And then the king and his favorite courtiers went hunting in it.

When the horns were sounding and the dogs barking and the roar of a wild beast echoing now near, now far, you may be sure the Infante went prancing about in great glee upon his chestnut pony with his own little sword and gun. Even the queen and her ladies used to attend these hunts in queer red and blue coaches, with a wide window to see through in front, and doors with only curtains in them on the sides. The fine sleek mules that drew these coaches were unharnessed, so that the ladies could not ride off if the quarry turned their way. To defend themselves they were given sharp steel-pronged pitchforks called horquilas.

When the Infante was ten years old the question of a bride for him began to be considered. Portraits of him were painted and sent to nearly all the courts of Europe, until the lad became tired of sitting for them. He was painted in gray satin, with a violet sash; and in black velvet with silver embroidered loops and a bandolier of silver tissue; and again with a gold embroidered red scarf, and his sword, and his wide plumed

hat and white lace collar; on foot and on horse-back, in court costume, and in uniform. In some of the pictures his handsome healthy face is as sulky as possible; it says as plainly as if he spoke: "Oh! I am so tired of all this fuss. Do let me go and play."

Because so much has been said about his bodily exercise, do not imagine that his mind was neglected. On the contrary, he had a good tutor and was quick to learn. But the King of Spain was always better pleased to see his son shoot true and ride straight than to hear how he got on with his Latin and his rhetoric and his geography.

When he was fifteen he was formally betrothed to an Austrian princess of thirteen. He was now given a palace of his own and treated like a young man. He attended the Cabinet councils, where he sat quiet, trying to understand what the big-talking old ministers were saying. To impress him with the greatness of his race his father led him in one day, all over the famous Escorial. This is a wonderful building, at once a convent, a church, a mausoleum, and a palace. It stretches its immense size along the side of bleak mountains, 3,500 feet above the sea.

The haughty Spanish king traversed its miles of corridors with his young son, pointed out its seven towers, its fifteen gateways, its 1,200 doors and windows. Here was its library of antique books and parchments; here were its galleries of old pictures. Now they must visit the tombs of all his ancestors who lay buried there; and now they entered the cell where his grandfather Philip II. died. It had an opening in the wall, so that when the dying king could not leave his bed he could still see and hear the services in the convent part next door. The Infante went soberly back to Madrid, impressed and saddened with the thought of all the grandeur and responsibility that lay before him.

But they never came to him. He went to camp with his father, to take his share in real soldiering, for Spain was always at war with some one. His young head was full of visions of military glory. And then he took cold, thought little of it, neglected it, and suddenly the news went flying over the kingdom that the heir to the throne was dead, and the "light of the palace" gone out. The king's secretary was so overcome that he was unable to write the sad news to

the governors of the different provinces. Thereupon the bereaved king himself took the pen and wrote:

"Marquis: We must all of us yield to God's will, and I more than others. It has pleased him to take my son from me about an hour ago. Mine is now such grief as you can conceive at such a loss, but also full resignation in the hand of God and courage and resolution to provide for the defence of my lands, for they are also my children; and if we have lost one we must preserve the others."

And so it was all over. The king had no son; the kingdom had no heir; the bright dawn was followed by no midday sun.

And that is how it comes to pass that there is one scion of Spanish royalty of whom no cruelties, no crimes, stand recorded. Had he lived he might have been like others of his race, fierce and treacherous, or moody and bigoted. But his years were short and blameless and happy. He lives forever on Velasquez's noble canvases, a merry, gallant boy, with a boy's delight in his gold spurs, his embroidered scarf, his dogs, his gun, his prancing pony.

THE GREAT NAPOLEON'S SON

1811–1832

The Great Napoleon's Son

1811–1832

ONE cold, March day in Paris, all at once the bells began to ring. It was not a Sunday nor any especial church festival, yet the twenty bells of old Notre Dame cathedral were chiming joyously, even the Bourdon — the great "Hummer" that stands double the height of a man and weighs 38,000 pounds — added its deep note to the others, and in towers and spires all over the city the sound was taken up. Then there broke through this aërial music the boom of a cannon; and another, and another. People on the streets counted a hundred and one guns. Then they smiled and nodded to each

other: "Aha!" they said, "our Emperor has a son!"

In the palace a little boy was born, but so cold, so pale, so breathless, it was feared he would die, till the thunder of the hundred guns roused him to life. Then the Emperor took him delightedly in his arms and carried him into an ante-chamber where great state dignitaries — dukes, ministers, princes, and marshals of France — stood waiting, and presented the infant to them, as his son and heir, to be called the King of Rome.

For this was the famous Emperor Napoleon, the man who started as a poor young lieutenant and became ruler of France and of nearly all the rest of Europe, so that he gave away kingdoms to his family and his friends. One brother was made King of Spain and one King of Holland, a favorite general was put on the throne of Sweden, and so on.

All of these crowned heads and many others — the King of Westphalia, the Viceroy of Italy, the reigning Duke of Parma — gathered around the splendid baptismal font of Napoleon's son. The Queen of Holland and the Emperor of Austria were his spon-

sors. Far away in Italy the city of Rome was illuminated in his honor.

In one way the new-born King of Rome was the most powerful monarch of all; he had the master of the world at his command. For Napoleon, so cold and terrible to everyone else, was devoted to his baby. He would spend hours playing with him, tossing the delicate little creature up and down, till he crowed and laughed, and the roses glowed in his pale cheeks. His Austrian mother, on the other hand, touched him gingerly, as if she were afraid of breaking him. Once a day she would sail into his nursery and spend fifteen minutes sitting stiffly beside him with her embroidery. He would be very still, eyeing her seriously and remembering that he must behave his best while his finely dressed imperial mamma was present. When their eyes met, she nodded her blonde head at him: "Bon jour! bon jour!" And that was about all she had to say. Little Napoleon did not find this very interesting and was always glad when the visit was over.

Between him and his father there was no such constraint. They took breakfast together every morning, the stern, silent sol-

dier and the babbling baby, and were apparently the best of friends. Napoleon used to dip his finger in claret and let the little fellow suck it, to the great satisfaction of both. As soon as he could walk he delighted to toddle about his father's study, looking at a thousand interesting things he found there.

Napoleon had a number of pieces of mahogany of different shapes and sizes; this represented regiments, battalions, and whole army divisions. He used to plan out his campaigns by arranging them on the carpet; not a marshal of France or a prince of the empire would have dared disturb them, but the King of Rome could never keep his dimpled hands off those tempting blocks. He would crawl among them, ruthlessly upsetting whole armies, and seize bodies of troops to build his own baby fancies with. And then the great Napoleon would patiently wait to reconstruct his plans till the small builder had fallen asleep over his play. Tough old generals and wily diplomatists coming in to interview the Emperor on important affairs would sometimes find a soft white frock huddled up against him and a sleepy curly head pillowed on his knee.

When his son was a year old Napoleon gave him a body-guard of two regiments of boys. They wore a uniform like that of Napoleon's own celebrated Old Guard, and they marched and countermarched gaily in the courtyard of the Tuileries, where the baby could watch them from the window, and where Napoleon himself often halted their drill to make them a friendly little speech. None of these youngsters was over twelve years old, and every one of them, strutting so proudly around in his fine new uniform, was the son of a man who had been killed in battle. Many were the soldiers' orphans when the great Napoleon ruled France.

No wonder the little King of Rome preferred his father to his mother. He had also a governess whom he dearly loved. "Mamma Quiou" (pronounced Q) he called her, because he could not say her long name, Madame de Montesquiou. She was kind but wise in her treatment of him. Once he flew in a passion and flung himself, kicking and screaming, upon the floor. His governess ran to all the windows, shutting them and pulling down the blinds. "Why do you do that?" asked the King of Rome, surprised into stopping his cries.

"Lest you might be heard. Do you think the people of France would ever have you for their ruler if they heard you?"

The King of Rome checked his sobs and considered the matter. "Do you think any one heard me?" he asked soberly.

"I should be very sorry if they did."

"Forgive me, Mamma Quiou, I will never do it again."

Good Mamma Quiou taught her little charge in his prayers to beg God that his father might make peace with all the world.

"I desire nothing more than peace, if others will let me have it," said Napoleon when he heard his child pray.

Perhaps he did desire peace by this time, for, after having been a great fighter all his life, he had now taught his enemies how to beat him. Nearly all of Europe joined together to defeat him. And they did defeat him. He was exiled first to the Island of Elba, but he escaped from there, came back to France, made war again, and was again defeated at the battle of Waterloo. This time he was sent to the Island of St. Helena and kept a prisoner there until he died.

When Napoleon began to realize that the

allied powers of Europe might be victorious he was especially concerned about his child. On leaving home for his last fight he adjured his brother Joseph to take care of the young Napoleon, saying, "I would rather see him in the Seine than in the hands of the enemies of France."

And then he spoke of the ancient story about the siege of Troy, and how young Astyanax, the son of the mighty Trojan fighter Hector, became a captive to the Greeks. "His fate always seemed to me the most unhappy in history," he said, as if with some presentiment that his own boy's fate might be the same.

For just about the time of his third birthday the little King of Rome was taken away from Paris and his home in the Tuileries forever. He struggled in the arms of the guard who carried him downstairs, kicking his fat legs and wriggling and clinging to the balusters with his baby hands.

"I won't go away! I won't go away!" he piped in his little angry voice; "when papa is not here I am the master!"

Alas, poor boy, he was never master anywhere again. In a month he was in Vienna, for his mother was the daughter of the

Emperor of Austria and took her child to live with him after Napoleon's defeat. The Emperor was exceedingly kind to them, only, from that time on, the boy was taught to forget his father and his former life in France. His very name was changed. He was no longer called Napoleon, King of Rome, but Charles, Duke of Reichstadt. Kind Mamma Quiou was sent back to France; a German lady succeeded her as governess, and the boy was obliged to speak German instead of French, to which he objected very much.

"If I speak German I shall no longer be a Frenchman," he said plaintively.

He was a lively, mischievous youngster, fond of practical jokes. He used to fill his grandfather's boots with gravel and tie the old gentleman's coat-tails to his chair. Nevertheless, his grandfather was very fond of him, as were all who knew him except his cold-hearted mother.

His aunts, the Austrian archduchesses, used to pet their bright little French nephew and play with him in the beautiful gardens of Schœnbrunn near Vienna. One day a goat got into the garden and frightened the archduchess who was walking with no other

escort. But her doughty four-year-old champion ran forward fearlessly and belabored Mr. Billy out of the path.

"Now you can pass!" he shouted, with his face red from exertion. "Do not be afraid, I will hold him."

The captive eaglet had the spirit of the great war eagle in his tender bosom, and a warm and faithful little heart beat there beside.

"Tell my father that I love him very dearly," he said to a messenger who asked him if he had no word to send to France.

At that time he did not know that his father was no longer in France, but was a prisoner on the rocky island of St. Helena. Perhaps he wondered why that powerful father did not come and take him back to the Tuileries palace, and the parks and the courtyard where his own gay body-guard marched so gallantly, and the study where they two had rolled on the floor and played like two kittens. As he grew older he understood that those things could never come again. But no one succeeded in making him forget his father.

Prince Metternich, the Austrian Prime Minister and one of Napoleon's bitterest

foes, was charged by the Emperor of Austria to instruct the boy concerning the history of his father.

"I wish," the Emperor said, "to have the Duke respect his father's memory, take example from his great qualities, and learn to recognize his faults in order to avoid them."

Certainly Prince Metternich spared no trouble to make the lad recognize his father's faults, and his pupil listened to him as long as he could stand it and then broke out defiantly, "The great object of my life is to become worthy of my father."

One of his teachers once talked to him long and instructively about the three greatest generals of the world, and the lad, always deeply interested in military matters, listened earnestly, but when his instructor stopped he remarked: "There is another great general whom you have not named."

"Whom do you mean?"

"My father," he said proudly.

When he was almost a young man he met by chance at some state reception a French marshal who had once served under his father. The young Duke of Reichstadt never wearied talking with him about those

days. Finally the Frenchman was engaged to give him a series of lessons on the art of war, but the lad took such a passionate interest in them that the Austrian government had them stopped.

Long before this the great Napoleon had died in exile on his lonely rock of St. Helena. For a while his son was not told. When he was, his outburst of grief for the father he had not seen since babyhood astonished everybody.

"How could any one wish him to live away off there!" the boy exclaimed passionately.

He wore mourning until the Emperor of Austria ordered him to take it off. To the end of his life, on the anniversary of that day, he used to shut himself up in his room to mourn and pray.

There is one touching passage in the great Napoleon's will which his captive son must almost have known by heart.

"I recommend my son never to forget that he was born a French prince. . . . He should never fight against France or do it harm in any way. He should adopt my motto, 'Everything for the French people.'"

The Duke of Reichstadt grew to be a tall, handsome young man, but never entirely strong, for the Austrian climate did not agree with him. His own physician, Dr. Malfatti, said he had "an iron will in a crystal body." His chest was weak, and the doctor disapproved of cold baths, swimming, and of other manly exercises which the young Duke loved. He did not wish him to enter the army, because he said exposure to the weather and the strain on the lungs of constantly shouting orders would be injurious. On his advice the Emperor of Austria delayed the Duke's entrance into the army for six months. Finally, at the age of nineteen, he became a lieutenant.

The young Duke of Reichstadt was a fine rider and a close student of military matters. His passion for his chosen profession finally shattered that fragile body. He both studied and exercised too severely, and could not be induced to take proper care of his health. After all, life did not offer many attractions to an ambitious youth without father or mother or country or chance of distinction, unless he were willing to fight against his native land.

Once cholera broke out in his regiment

and every one was anxious about him, because he would stay in the barracks and could not be persuaded to leave his sick soldiers. He grew thinner every day. He rode hard and long when too weak to do it. Then he took a severe cold which fastened upon his lungs. Once more he insisted on going out to attend the funeral of one of his men. As he shouted orders his voice suddenly failed him. They took him home. And this was nearly the end.

For about a year the youth lingered on with ups and downs. In his eagerness to be always doing he allowed himself but five hours of sleep, ate little, and would never admit that he felt ill. A soldier should never complain. Dr. Malfatti told him he was a good prince but a bad patient, and he told Dr. Malfatti that he liked him but hated his physic.

On July 22, the anniversary of the day on which he had heard of his father's death, the young Napoleon passed away. He died in the very bed in which the first Napoleon had slept a score of years earlier, when he was at Schœnbrunn dictating terms to conquered Europe.

About sixty years ago the body of Napo-

leon Bonaparte was brought from St. Helena and reburied with many ceremonies in Paris. It lies now under the gilded dome of The Invalides, beside the home for infirm soldiers. Around it are several chapels, where it was the dead man's hope that his family, when they came to die, might lie near him. But his son who worshipped him is buried far away in the deep vaults of the Capuchin convent at Vienna. Nearly a hundred of the imperial family of Austria lie there in the darkness. Passing down the long aisles lined with bronze sarcophaguses, one comes to that which contains the remains of the shortlived gallant French captive whom they tried so hard to make an Austrian of. Here is the inscription upon it:

NAPOLEON'S SON

To the eternal memory
of
Joseph Charles Francis, Duke of
Reichstadt,
son of
Napoleon, Emperor of the French,
and of
Maria Louisa, Archduchess of Austria.
Born at Paris, XX March MDCCCXI.
In his cradle
He was hailed by the title of
King of Rome.
He was endowed with every faculty
and advantage, both of
mind and body
in stature, in talk, in countenance;
and with all the charms of youth
and his conversation full
of affability.
He displayed an astonishing capability for
study and the exercises of
the military art.
Attacked by pulmonary disease
He was carried off by a most
lamentable death
at Schœnbrunn, near Vienna
XXII July MDCCCXXXII.

THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I.

1638

THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I. OF ENGLAND.

The Children of Charles I.

1638

ONE of the most charming pictures ever painted was that by Sir Anthony Van Dyck of the children of Charles I. Charles I. was that unfortunate King of England whose subjects rebelled against him and finally cut off his head. Van Dyck was his court painter. He painted many a portrait of the stately, elegant king, with the star of the Garter blazing on his breast; he painted the dark-eyed, graceful queen; he painted the little princes and princesses, — there were seven of them, — and he even frequently painted their pets, curly-haired little dogs, which to this day are called King Charles spaniels.

Naturally the older children were most frequently painted, because the troubles of King Charles' reign had begun by the time the younger ones were born, and there was too much fighting and negotiating and escaping from enemies done then to leave time for having portraits painted. In Van Dyck's most famous picture it is the three oldest who are shown. Charles, the Prince of Wales, leans against a column in his very best satin suit, with his hair nicely arranged on his broad lace collar. His little brother James steadies himself by holding on to his arm; he wears a tight lace cap and a long gown, which must have been greatly in the way of a child just beginning to walk.

James was a fair, rosy baby, his mother's pride, while she used to lament in her lively French way over Charles' plain face and brown skin. Only "this gentleman," she wrote to a friend, when he was about a year old, was most serious; he looked wiser than his mother. "This gentleman," when grown up, far from being serious, was called "the Merry Monarch"; and as to his wisdom, one of his most intimate friends wrote that he "never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one." To which

Charles pleasantly replied that was because his words were his own, but his actions were his ministers'.

Next to Baby James, in the picture, stands Princess Mary, his oldest sister, with her dimpled hands primly folded in front of her. She too wears a long gown; it has a brocade train in the back of which my young lady was inordinately proud. She also wears lace frills, a necklace about her neck, and flowers in her fair ringlets. She looks much pleased with herself, and Baby James appears to eye his sister's finery with interest.

All three of these young folks became the rulers of nations. Charles and James were successively kings of England, Mary became the wife of William II. of Orange. When she was a wee mite of a child Father Gamage, her mother's confessor, used to tell little Mary it was a great pity she was not a Roman Catholic, so that when she was old enough she might marry one of the great sovereigns of Europe; the wealthy King of Spain, or the handsome King of France, or the powerful Emperor of Germany. Mary thought that would be fine indeed!

You see her father Charles I. was a Protes-

tant, but her mother was a French woman and a devout Roman Catholic. Only respect for her husband's wishes kept her from trying to make her children members of her own church. Her maids and her priests were less scrupulous. Little Princess Mary learned to enjoy slipping away to mass in her mother's Roman Catholic chapel. She liked the incense and the lights and the singing. Probably she liked best of all the fun of doing something on the sly. Some one gave her a rosary ; I don't know whether she said many prayers with it or not, but she used to take it from her pocket and kiss it behind her Protestant tutor's back and then slip it back as demurely as possible, while the worthy man wondered what the queen and her priest were smiling at.

But these were mere childish pranks. When she was only twelve years old the gallant young Stadholder of Holland asked her hand in marriage, and sent for his bride across the sea a fine fleet of ships commanded by the doughty old admiral Van Tromp. In those days the Dutch were famous fighters and sailors. This very Van Tromp defeated every one who dared to fight him, and used to carry a broom nailed

to his masthead in token that he had swept his enemies from the seas. So away sailed Princess Mary on a battleship, with the tough old admiral, to a suitable and happy marriage.

Meantime in England things were going very badly. King Charles quarrelled with his parliament, and presently there broke out a great civil war.

On one side were the Parliamentarians, or Puritans; they were sober, steady, God-fearing people. Before a battle they always prayed, and then they marched into the fight singing Psalms. And terrible fighters they were — "Ironsides" people called them, because they stood so strong and immovable. They wore plain leathern jackets for uniform, and carried business-like steel pikes and swords without any ornaments. Their hair also they wore cropped short to the head, so that their enemies jeered at them as "Roundheads."

On the other side were the Royalists or Cavaliers; they wore their hair in long love-locks carefully curled, and they wore hats with flowing plumes, and jackets of silk or velvet when they could afford it, and lace collars, and knots of ribbon on their sword-hilts, and everywhere there was room for

them. They rode swaggering about the country, singing gay songs and making fun of the Puritans. All the same the Puritans defeated them in battle after battle. Some of these same Puritans, you must remember, were among the first settlers of the United States — the Pilgrim fathers.

Prince Charles, the king's oldest son, had his horse and his sword, and rode with his father's troop, bearing his part bravely and being as useful as could be expected of a boy of fifteen. The younger children were moved from place to place in care of faithful friends. At last the king and three of the children were taken prisoners. Prince Charles, some of the younger ones, and their mother, escaped to France.

Prince James was one of the young captives, and with him were two dear little ones, Henry and Elizabeth. They were kindly treated, only James, as the oldest, had to give his word not to receive any letters. One day a messenger from his mother slipped into the castle grounds with a letter from her. You may be sure the captive boy longed for it, but he shook his head. "It is from the queen," whispered the messenger.

"Oh! I must keep my promise. I cannot receive it," sighed poor James. So the messenger, after successfully braving many dangers, was defeated at last by the honor of a boy.

"If I were you, James, I would not stay here," said little Elizabeth, very soberly, one day. Not long after the castle rang with their shouts as they played hide-and-seek. Their good-natured guardians smiled to see the fun, and the children played on and on for hours. Some one noticed that James was not with them.

"No, he has run away from us. He is in hiding," said the little ones quite truthfully. As the day wore on the question was asked again and again, till at last the governor of the castle realized that his small charges had outwitted him. James had indeed run away and was in hiding. In the disguise of a girl he made his way to the seashore where some friendly sailors took him across to Holland, and his sister, Princess Mary, wife of the Stadholder, received him with delight.

Now came a sad, sad time. The Parliamentary party, who were now in power, decided to cut off King Charles' head. Great was the sorrow of the queen and the

princes across the ocean in France when this terrible news came to them, and many were the tears of the two little captives in England. Young Prince Charles, who, if his father died would be the rightful king, sent a signed promise to the Parliamentary leaders that if they would spare his father's life he, on his part, would faithfully vow to — and here there followed a long blank space for them to fill up as they chose. They could have made him promise to renounce all future claim to the throne, or come over and be their prisoner, or anything they pleased. But only the death of the king would satisfy them.

In these last hard straits King Charles bore himself so nobly that even his enemies were compelled to admire him. His words were all gentle and dignified; he showed no fear, and he stooped to no prayers, except to his Maker — for Charles was a sincerely religious man. His two children who were in England were brought to his prison to bid him good-by forever. Never was there a more touching scene than when the doomed king tried to impress upon these mites their future duties. He took his little son Henry upon his knee.

"Sweetheart," said he, fondling him, "now will they cut off thy father's head." The child gazed earnestly into his face. "Heed, my child, what I say," he repeated, "they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king. But mark what I say," impressively, "you must not be a king so long as your brothers Charles and James live. Therefore I charge you, do not be made a king by them."

"I will be torn in pieces first," cried little Henry. And his father kissed and praised him. Then he took Elizabeth in his arms and gave her many messages of love for the mother and the other children if she should ever see them. And he told them that their father was about to die for the laws and religion of England, which no doubt he fully believed. And he said they were not to attempt to revenge him; and above all they were never, never to change their religion for any other. And the two sorrowful children promised to remember his wishes and hugged and clung to him, and at last were taken away covered with their father's tears and kisses and last blessings.

After Charles I.'s death the young Prince of Wales was immediately proclaimed king

under the title of Charles II., but for a long time he was a king without a kingdom. The small island of Jersey still was faithful to him, so he went there and endeavored to raise money and troops to conquer back the rest of England. It seemed a hopeless task, but when some one told him so he said, "It is better for a king to die in such an enterprise than to wear away life in shameful idleness."

At this time Charles II. was about nineteen, bold, active, and of a gay and lively disposition, which made him popular wherever he went. The Scotch sent for him, acknowledged him as their king, and raised an army for him; but all the time he was not happy in Scotland. He was surrounded by grim, sour-faced people who found fault with everything he did. They lectured him without ceasing on his own foibles, on the mistakes of his dead father, and on the wickedness of his mother in remaining faithful to her own church instead of joining theirs. Nothing he did could please them, although to satisfy them he listened to countless long prayers and sermons. Six long sermons in one day a minister of the time records, and owns that he himself grew

weary. As for Charles, probably those dull days in Scotland did more to make him favor the Roman Catholic religion than any arguments of his mother.

However, he raised his army and marched into England. Many people joined him here, but when they came to give battle to the redoubtable Ironsides they were totally defeated, and Charles, after fighting bravely, had to flee for his life and hide wherever he could. Once he climbed an oak tree and lay concealed in its branches, while just underneath the soldiers of the other side were searching for him. He had many adventures and narrow escapes. Poorest cottagers scorned to take money to betray him, and rich people in castles were proud to save the hunted King of England from his enemies. Every one liked him, and I dare say in after years King Charles looked back on that exciting time of danger and concealment as one of the best years of his life. He finally got across to France again, but the King of France had made peace with the Parliamentary party, and one condition of the peace was that he should no longer afford shelter to the young King of England. So Charles wandered

away without a home and with very little money.

His young brother Henry had escaped by this time and joined him. Charles was always kind to his brothers and sisters, but he had little means to take care of Henry, so when his mother suggested sending the boy to her in France, he agreed that it would be better than a wandering life with him, only, he said, "I charge you not to trouble Henry about his religion."

Now this is just what the widowed queen did. Since her husband's death she had become very bigoted, and was anxious that her children should share her belief. She fairly tyrannized over poor Henry. One day the boy could not have his supper; another day his horse was turned out of the stable; another day he himself was turned out of the house, and again the queen would not see him or speak to him for weeks at a time. Hard treatment this from a mother's hands to her orphan boy in a foreign land. However, Henry never forgot his promise to his dead father, and his elder brothers Charles and James interfered to protect him whenever they could.

At last, after more wanderings and priva-

tions and adventures than can well be told here, the whole English people begged Charles to come back and be their king. So all the royal family returned after many years to their old home, and Charles sat upon the throne of his father, and after him, as he had no heir, his brother James. After James the throne went to William, the son of Mary of Orange, the little Princess Royal of the picture.

RICHARD II.'S CHILD WIFE

1397–1410

WINDSOR CASTLE—ENGLISH HOME OF RICHARD II. AND HIS CHILD WIFE.

Richard II.'s Child Wife

1397–1410

POOR, pretty little Isabelle of Valois!

When she was little more than a baby she began to learn from the talk of her nurses that her father and mother were not like the fathers and mothers of other little girls. Once in a while handsome Queen Isabeau, in rich robes and quantities of jewels, would sail through the royal children's room in the great Louvre palace. Saucy pages bore up her embroidered train, ladies in high head-dresses followed her, laughing and talking with gentlemen dressed in the most extravagant fashion. Every one bowed obsequiously before her.

But after this whirlwind of silk and feathers and perfumes and jests had swept by, the nurses would nudge each other and

wink and make remarks that Isabelle could not quite understand; yet she saw plainly that her beautiful overdressed mother was very little respected. Poor child, she learned soon enough that Queen Isabeau was one of the worst women who ever lived.

As for her father, that was even more dreadful to think of. In a forgotten corner of the palace where his wife spent her days in luxurious enjoyment, the poor king lived half of the time a neglected lunatic. The attendants threw food to him as if he had been a dog. No one saw that he was properly bathed or clothed. Once, it is said, he was allowed to wear the same clothing for five months.

Meantime his queen spent all the money she could raise on feasting and fine dress; his brothers and cousins who should have been looking after the kingdom fought and quarrelled among themselves to see which could become the most powerful; the poor people fought on one side or the other of these disputing dukes and lords. And all the time the English were taking possession of distracted France as fast as they could.

Fortunately the little brothers and sisters, growing up in a family and a nation without

a head, knew very little of all these troubles. They had a good governess, they were carefully taught, and most of them seemed to inherit their mother's beauty and their father's kind disposition. For poor King Charles VI., when the clouds of madness cleared from his brain, was one of the best of men. In his lucid intervals he was always eager to see peace made between France and England, and in one of these came ambassadors from England to ask for his oldest daughter Isabelle as a wife to their King Richard II.

Their young king had recently lost his dearly beloved first wife and all his subjects were anxious for him to marry again, but Richard was very unwilling. He had some reason for objecting to every young princess whose name was suggested, and indeed he mortally offended his powerful uncle the Duke of Gloucester by refusing his daughter Blanche. In this case he said that first cousins were too nearly related to marry, but he could not always find so good an excuse, and, being an easy-tempered, yielding young man, he foresaw that he would have to do as his people wished. So he said he would be satisfied with the oldest daughter of the King of France.

"The lady is far too young," said the lords of his council; "even in five or six years she will not be the proper age for a wife."

But Richard answered that she would grow older every day, that he was young enough to wait for her, and that as she was but a child he could educate her to English ways and to suit himself.

So ambassadors were sent over from England to arrange a peace between France and England that should last twenty-eight years, — which it did not, — and one of the conditions of the peace was that the young princess Isabelle should become the wife of their King Richard. They insisted on being presented to the little girl, though the French councillors objected, saying no one could know how so young a child would conduct herself at such an interview.

The precise old councillors need not have been afraid. When the English lords were finally brought to see Isabelle, the chief among them knelt before her saying —

"Madame, if it please God, you shall be our lady and queen."

Before any one could prompt the child what to say, she chirped out in her grave, sweet little voice:

"Sir, if it please God and my lord and father that I be queen of England, I shall be well pleased thereat, for I have been told I shall then be a great lady."

And with that she stretched out her dimpled hand for him to kiss, and then led him to Queen Isabeau, her mother. Some of the Englishmen laughed gently behind their hands at the stately, precocious manners of the small princess of seven. But they said she was a wise and well-bred little lady and would in time make a right noble queen.

So in time Richard crossed over from England to France with a very magnificent train, and his tiny bride came as far as Calais on the coast with her royal papa and mamma and an equally magnificent train, and they were married.

Isabelle's childish fancy was quite captivated by her husband. He had a beautiful face, though some people called it effeminate, he was kind and gentle, fond of music and of all kinds of pleasure, and very splendid in his dress. What he wore on this occasion is not mentioned, but he had one coat embroidered with precious stones that cost thirty thousand marks. Shoes with very

long narrow points were then fashionable, and the gayest and richest young dandies, of whom Richard was surely one, fastened these points to their knees with slender gold or silver chains, so that they could walk.

Isabelle's wardrobe was every bit as fine. She had one famous robe of red velvet covered with golden birds, that perched upon branches of pearls and emeralds. No goldsmith, no embroiderer in England, could match this gorgeous work. The robe was bordered with ermine, which was in those days an even more costly fur than it is now; and it had a hood and mantle of the same red velvet lined with ermine. She had another gown of mulberry colored velvet embroidered with pearl roses. She had caskets filled with coronets, rings, necklaces, brooches, and every kind of jewelry; and she even carried with her fine red and white satin curtains for her bed-chamber, embroidered with gay figures of shepherdesses.

So much splendor, indeed, was seen at this royal wedding that the crusty old Duke of Gloucester exclaimed, "This France is still a very rich country. We should not make peace with her."

He would have liked to go on fighting and plundering, for he loved money dearly. He was the one who had wanted King Richard to marry his daughter Blanche, and to pacify him for choosing the French princess Richard had to pay him fifty thousand nobles and make his son an earl.

In England great crowds rushed to see the arrival of "the little queen," as Isabelle was always called there. For a few days there was more splendor and festivity, and then, just like any girl of seven to-day, in spite of being married and a queen, Isabelle was sent to live quietly for three years at the castle of Windsor, a short distance from London, with ladies and governesses to look after her education. Richard came down to see her often, and she was always delighted with his visits. He loved music and pleasure, he was so highly educated that he could help her with her hardest lessons when he chose, but it was generally a holiday when he came. Isabelle was old for her years and he was young for his, so the two were better companions than one would expect a young man and a little girl to be. Richard was satisfied that the dearest wee wife in the world was being trained up for him at

Windsor, and Isabelle was devoted to her tall, handsome husband.

Once he had a tournament held in her honor. And if you don't know what a tournament is you had better look up all you can find in histories and encyclopedias about those splendid military sports of knightly days. At this one there were forty knights and forty squires all clad in green and bearing a white falcon, which was the device of "the little queen." And Isabelle sat in her best robes and jewels with a crown on her flowing hair, under a canopy with the noblest ladies in the land. And every winning knight came and knelt before her while she gave him the prize with her own hand.

This was almost the last happy day she had in England. Shortly afterwards the king came to bid her good-by before starting to Ireland. Isabelle was now about eleven, a tall pretty girl, very gentle and womanly in her ways, so that all her ladies were devoted to her. Richard went to church with her in the morning, afterwards they had some refreshments together, and then he lifted her in his arms and kissed her fondly, saying, "Adieu till we meet again."

They never met again. While Richard was in Ireland his cousin Henry Bolingbroke landed in England with an army to make war upon him, and before Richard could return Henry had really won the whole kingdom from him. One reason why this was so easily done was that all the people were much dissatisfied with Richard. He was a pleasant, handsome man, but as a king he was idle, extravagant, and unreasonable.

Meantime "the little queen" was being hurried from castle to castle by Richard's friends, and weeping her eyes out over the bad tidings that kept coming in about her dear big husband's affairs. At last news came that he had been captured by his enemies, and about the same time she too fell into their hands. Her old attendants were dismissed and new ones placed with her who were strictly ordered never to mention the name of King Richard to her nor tell her what had become of him. But there was something about Isabelle that won people's hearts, and before long these newcomers were as fond of her as her faithful old servants and teachers.

Henry of Bolingbroke was now King Henry IV. of England, and Richard was

uncrowned and imprisoned. In his prison he was secretly murdered, by order of Henry, as was generally believed. Meantime some of Isabelle's former ladies had reached France with the sad news, and the French people were indignantly demanding the return of "the little queen." To this Henry IV. answered that she should reside in England like other queen-dowagers (that was the name given to the widows of kings), in great honor; and if she had unfortunately lost a husband, she should be provided with another at once, who would be young, handsome, and in every way deserving of her love.

Now the person King Henry proposed as Isabelle's second husband was all that he claimed, being no other than his son, the Prince of Wales, afterwards famous as Henry V. He was just about Isabelle's own age, and as handsome and gallant a young prince as ever lived. But, in spite of all his entreaties and all of his father's threats and all of the secret advice that came to her from France, the young girl would not agree to marry him. Whether she thought that Richard might not be really dead; or whether she knew only too well that he was

dead, and recoiled from the family of his murderer; or whether the brave young prince seemed to her a mere boy compared with the accomplished and courteous man she fondly remembered, no one knows at this late date. At all events Isabelle, who was so gentle and yielding in most matters, held out stoutly in this.

When she was a child of seven she had told the ambassadors of her babyish pride in marrying a man more than twenty years older than herself to become Queen of England. Now she was a grave and lovely girl of fourteen, but when the future King of England begged her hand she would have none of him.

For nearly a year the king and the prince endeavored to make Isabelle forget her murdered husband. At last they gave it up and allowed her to return to France. But they kept all her money and the caskets of jewels she had brought with her as an eight-year-old bride. The few little trinkets she had left she divided as remembrances among the ladies and gentlemen of her train. All of them wept to say farewell to their sweet "little queen," now a tall girl in widow's weeds.

It is pleasant to relate that she was welcomed back to her own country as heartily in her poverty and mourning as if she had returned as resplendent as she set out.

Perhaps Isabelle had had enough of splendor and courts and royal marriages. At all events she lived for some years quietly in her father's home. Every now and again the King of England made another attempt at winning her hand for his son. A marriage with her would have pleased the English people, who had a fond remembrance of the sweet "little queen," and Prince Hal himself was eager for it. He had now won a soldierly reputation that gave an earnest of what he would become with years. Henry IV. even went so far as to offer to give up the throne to the young couple if Isabelle would marry the Prince of Wales. Naturally this seemed a promise worth considering by the council of France, but it was at last declined, like all the others.

In the end Isabelle did marry a second time, and her husband was Charles, Duke of Orleans, one of the mightiest princes of France, and one of its sweetest poets. She lived happily with him for a few years, but died young at twenty-two. Her husband

was frantic with grief. In his sorrow he wrote some of his most beautiful poems to her memory. "The fairest thing to mortal eyes," he declared she was.

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD EMPRESS

A.D. 1109

A Twelve-year-old Empress

A. D. 1109

NOW-A-DAYS most of you children would turn your pampered noses up at the room occupied by the Empress Matilda, but for those days it was considered a very good room indeed. It had no carpet, to be sure, — in those days they did not have carpets, — but the floor was strewn with rushes, which were swept out once a week and fresh ones laid down. The Empress Matilda used to like the smell of the green ones. The high narrow window had no glass, — they did not have glass in those days either, — but it had a solid wooden shutter that could be closed if necessary to keep out the wind or rain. An enormous carved bed filled nearly half the room; that was for the Empress, and there was a small pallet in one corner

for her waiting-woman. The Empress Matilda's bed had a crucifix hanging over it and a wolf-skin spread beside it for her to step out on. Beside this there were a couple of clumsy wooden stools and two massive carved chests where all her belongings were kept, and that was about all.

No rocking-chairs, no books, no gas fixtures, no toys. The Empress Matilda had a whistle that one of the huntsmen made her, and a checker-board, and a set of "knuckle bones," with which her brother Prince William was teaching her the game we call jackstones. She did not care much for it because he always beat her. And the Empress Matilda had a rough wooden doll that she dearly loved. If she could have seen a wax doll with real hair, and eyes that open and shut, she would have thought it the work of some of the enchanters she had heard of.

To be quite exact, Matilda was not the Empress yet, for she had not been crowned. But she had been married by proxy to Henry V., Emperor of Germany, as was often done in those days when bride and groom lived far apart. That is to say, the Emperor had sent some of his trusty nobles

to England to ask for the Princess Matilda in marriage, and her father, King Henry Beauclerk had been pleased to say yes, and then one of the lords had been publicly and solemnly married to her in the Emperor's name. And so, though she was only five years old, Matilda was the wife of the Emperor, "the successor to mighty Charlemagne," her father called him. And as soon as her education was finished she was to go to Germany.

Now in those days a young lady's education consisted in spinning, embroidering, and nursing the sick or binding up wounds, for doctors were few and fights were many, and to take care of an injured knight was part of a lady's duty. Ladies also generally could cook. Sometimes they could sing. Always they could ride. But rarely could they read and write. Matilda's father, however, had a reputation for learning. He was called Beauclerk, which meant Fine Scholar, and he wished his clever little daughter to use her wits. So she was taught to read and write in French and in Latin.

At that time all the church services were in Latin, and when people of different nationalities wanted to communicate with each

other they generally did so in Latin. Also, as she grew older, she learned more about enchanters; about Gerbert and his brazen head that answered questions; about King Arthur and his Table Round and his sword Excalibur; about Charlemagne and his Paladins; about Roland and the wonderful horn he blew when he lay dying at Roncesvaux. These marvels and many more like them were then considered plain facts.

At last her education was completed, and she was sent to Germany with a magnificent train. A long and tiring journey it must have been. First the sea to cross in a clumsy sail-boat, then to pass through France, journeying on horseback all day and resting at inns over night. Finally they reached the famous river Rhine and followed it down to the town of Maintz, and here the husband met the wife he had married by proxy. He was a large, middle-aged man, with a sad face and a beard beginning to turn gray; she was a slender, active girl of eleven; very pretty and very much used to having her own way.

If Matilda was surprised to find her husband older than her father, she was too proud to show it. It was a very haughty, deter-

mined little girl who walked beside him into the great gray cathedral for the ceremony of their coronation. She wore a robe of rich silk, her head bare and her light brown hair hanging loose down her back. She held her head high, trying to look as tall as possible, and when she saw any one in the crowd smiling she flashed her blue eyes indignantly at him. If these big Germans thought there was anything to laugh at in seeing a little girl empress, she would teach them better. What big men they all were! Dressed in furs, too, many of them, and all but the youngest wearing bushy beards and long hair. Her father wore his hair short, so of course all the English courtiers imitated him, and Matilda thought these hairy, bearded men looked half savage.

At the altar she and her husband knelt down together, the stately man and the childish creature with her flushing cheeks and her wondering eyes. Around them gathered the seven Prince Electors; before them stood the Archbishop of Maintz in his richest robes and a mitre of cloth of gold studded with gems. There were two other mitred archbishops with him, and further back were at least thirty priests in red and

white garments. A great number of boys swung censers on long chains that sent up wreaths of sweet smelling smoke so close to Matilda that it made her giddy.

She tried to listen to the prayers, but she found these Germans had a way of pronouncing Latin that was hard to understand. She made out that her husband swore solemnly to maintain the faith and to dispense good and impartial justice to all, and she repeated the words after him. Then the Archbishop drew a bright sword from its scabbard and offered it to the Emperor, who held it up a moment and passed it on to one of the Prince Electors. Next, another of the Prince Electors unfastened several slits in her husband's tunic that were closed with silver hooks and cords, and the Archbishop brought the sacred oil, and, saying something in a hushed voice, anointed the Emperor on the forehead, and through each of these openings on his shoulders, his chest, his back, and the bend of his arms.

After that the Prince Electors gathered about him and helped him to put on jewelled gloves and sandals that had once been worn by Charlemagne, and Charlemagne's mantle, that was stiff with heavy embroidery. The

Archbishop put the ring of empire upon his finger, and gave into his hands the rod of justice and the sceptre of the realm. Last of all he placed upon his head Charlemagne's heavy crown, and each Prince Elector laid his hand on it for a minute, as if helping to hold it in place. Then they led him to a great canopied chair on a platform, and Matilda was led to a smaller one by his side.

Now for the first time Matilda knew that she was seated on a throne. As soon as they were in their places the Archbishop of Maintz took off his mitre and came and knelt before them, and vowed to be their true and faithful vassal as long as he should live. Matilda could not understand all that was said, but the actions were plainer than words. The venerable archbishops of Treves and of Cologne did the same thing. Then the King of Bohemia swore allegiance; then the Count Palatine of the Rhine; then the Duke of Saxony; then the Margrave of Brandenburg.

A gentleman behind Matilda's chair repeated their names aloud, and she tried hard to remember them, for it would be so rude to call any one of these great princes by

another's name. Next in order came the principal nobles of the Empire, each in his degree ; then the lesser ones, the barons, the knights and their followers. One man after another knelt before them and touched their hands and made the same oath of fealty. Some had brown beards, and some red, and some yellow ; not a few were grayer than the Emperor. Once in a while Matilda would notice a young face or an ugly scar, but finally she ceased paying any attention to them. It seemed as if they never would stop.

Her husband sat up as stately as ever with Charlemagne's crown upon his head. Opposite them in the wall of the church she could see a slab of stone, and to keep herself awake she began spelling it out letter by letter. Sacred to the memory of the noble dame Fastrada, third wife of the Emperor Charlemagne. Some day people would be putting up a stone to the memory of the noble dame Matilda, wife of the Emperor Henry V. — Matilda, wife of the Emperor Henry V. — Matilda —

She found that she was repeating it to herself with her eyes closed. She opened them with a start. The last man was kneel-

ing before her smiling as he vowed allegiance to a very sleepy little girl. Matilda jerked herself up straight. In a minute more the Archbishop's voice rang through the church: "I proclaim thee Henry the Fifth, Cæsar most sacred, ever August Majesty of the Holy Roman Empire, of the nation of Germany!"

Then the ceremony was over and they could move. Out of the cathedral all was shouting and singing and merry confusion. As they went in procession to the town-hall Matilda saw bonfires and picnics on every side. Heralds were tossing pennies and shillings to people, fountains were sending up spouts of wine instead of water. Not long ago she would have laughed to see the fun, but now she did not care for anything so undignified. Perhaps because she was an empress; perhaps because she was a very tired little girl.

On the square in front of the town-hall a heap of oats was piled. To this the Elector of Saxony rode at full speed, filled a silver measure full of oats, levelled it off with a silver scraper, and offered it to the Emperor at the threshold of the town-hall. Then all the people threw themselves, shouting and

scrambling, on the rest of the heap, and in a twinkling it was carried off. Inside, a splendid banquet was served. Matilda and the Emperor sat very grandly alone at a table on a raised platform. The Count Palatine of the Rhine placed before them four silver dishes; the King of Bohemia offered wine in a silver goblet; the Margrave of Brandenburg brought water in a silver basin to wash their hands. And finally three Electors presented a silver staff with the seals of the Empire.

It was all very curious to Matilda. She sat up sedately, she bowed her head and smiled when anything was offered to her, and though she could not understand a word of German she saw that her new subjects liked their little Empress, and she was very proud to have pleased so many grave men. At night some of her attendants told her that the town rang with praises of her beauty and grace and majestic manners. If ever a proud and happy little girl went to bed it was the Empress Matilda of Germany that night.

As time went on the German people thought more and more of her. When she was a young woman, as beautiful and as

haughty as her childhood promised, her husband died, and her father came over and fetched her back to England, much against the will of the Germans. They promised that if she would stay with them and select a German prince for her second husband he should be made emperor, whoever he might be.

Matilda might have been happier if she had accepted this offer, but her father would not let her. Her brother William, his only son, had been drowned a short time before, and King Henry had set his heart on having his daughter rule England after his death. Accordingly he induced all his people to promise that she should be their queen, and among the first to promise was her cousin Stephen.

But Matilda did not remain long in England. She married a French nobleman, Geoffrey of Anjou, who was generally called Geoffrey Plantagenet because he always wore a bit of the *planta genesta*, or broom-flower. He and Matilda do not seem to have agreed over well. Matilda had been used to having her own way all her life. Geoffrey was lively and careless, and Matilda was domineering and cold. But they were both fond of their son Henry Plantagenet.

By and by King Henry died, and who should immediately get himself crowned king in his place but Cousin Stephen, who had sworn to be faithful to Matilda.

After that there was war for many years between them.

There is not room to tell of all the grown-up Matilda's adventures. One winter she found herself in a castle surrounded by Stephen's troops, without provisions enough to hold out against him. So at night she and four companions dressed themselves from head to foot in white and slipped out the back way. At a little distance they could not be seen against the snow, and they crept along till they were well past all the soldiers and then took to their heels and ran. Another time, when they were closely pursued, she pretended to be dead. She was wrapped in grave clothes and laid in a coffin that some of her trusty men carried on their shoulders till they reached a friendly town.

At last it was agreed to stop fighting and make peace, on condition that Stephen should be King of England while he lived, and afterwards Matilda's son Henry should have the throne.

When you come to read English history you will see that he was the first of the famous Plantagenet kings, but he was quite as often called Henry Fitz-Empress as Henry Plantagenet, in memory of his mother, who made such a majestic little empress when she was only twelve years old.

THE YOUNG STADHOLDER *and* THE PRINCESS ROYAL

1625–1650

WILLIAM II. OF ORANGE—MARY STUART OF ENGLAND.

The Young Stadholder and the Princess Royal

1625–1650

WHEN you think of a Dutchman you think of a solid, stolid, light-haired person in baggy breeches, because that is the way a Dutchman looks in comic pictures.

And when you think of Delft you think of blue dishes. And that is all right, for the best blue china comes from Delft. But if you have ever been in the square old Dutch city you think of tall, prim houses built of bright red and white bricks, and sleepy canals bordered with a double row of lime trees, and narrow streets, painfully clean. You know they say Dutch housewives are so enamoured with scrubbing that they almost scrub the bark off the trees.

And perhaps if you have been in Delft you remember the ancient church which they call the New Church, with its chime of five hundred bells. All the Princes of Orange are buried there, and not far off is the Princes' House (Prinsenhof) where the Princes of Orange lived. By the way, nearly all of the Princes of Orange were dark-haired, quick-tempered men, so the most famous Dutchmen do not seem to have been quite typically Dutch.

About two hundred and seventy five years ago, when the ancient Niew Kerk was only half as old as it is now, a Dutch boy used to put his head out of the arched windows of the great Prinsenhof to listen to its five hundred bells. Sometimes he went inside it to see the tomb of his celebrated grandfather, Prince William of Orange, for whom he was named.

That first great William of Orange was one of the world's heroes. William the Silent, his enemies called him, because he knew how to hold his tongue and let his actions speak louder than words. He led his sturdy little nation in revolt against the tyranny of Spain; and when the Dutch finally won their independence they elected him

Chief Magistrate, or, as they called it, Stadholder of the United Provinces of Holland. After him his sons were in turn elected, and rendered their country as good and valiant service as William the Silent himself, so that when his little grandson, this second William of Orange, was five years old, the grateful people made the office hereditary in his family. That is to say, they decided that in future, instead of electing their Stadholder, he should always be the oldest son of the House of Orange or of Nassau, for it went by both names.

They brought a golden box full of documents to the little boy. He thought it extremely pretty, but his father, who made a formal speech of thanks, seemed more pleased with the yellow parchments inside. And no wonder, for these promised that, in consideration of all that his father and uncle and grandfather had done for Holland, this little Dutch lad should be chief magistrate of the country and admiral of its fine fleet and general of its army when he grew up.

So they would not let him have the golden box to keep his marbles in, but put it carefully away, and began teaching him

all the things necessary for a lad to know who was to fill such important positions.

Now across the narrow seas that divide Holland from England another child was growing up to fill an important position — Mary, Princess Royal, eldest daughter of the ill-fated King Charles I. of England. Every royal princess is not a Princess Royal, and you may be sure Mary never let her younger brothers and sisters forget it. They were just plain Prince Henry, Princess Elizabeth, and so on; while she and brother Charles had special titles. He, being the oldest son, was Prince of Wales; and she, being the oldest daughter, was Princess Royal. And when the small brothers and sisters teased her by saying that brother Charles would some day be king but she would never be queen of England, she rounded on them with the declaration that then she would become queen of some other country.

There are many pictures of the little girl, always with a long satin gown, neat, shining ringlets, and demurely folded hands. Yet she seems to have been a mischievous romp, and respect for her curls or her fine clothes could not keep her from climbing trees.

Her favorite haunt was a platform that had been built for the children in one of the noble oaks of Hampton Court. To this day big nails and staples remain in its trunk, showing where, two hundred and fifty years ago, the little Stuarts used to climb up to chatter and sing, like a nest of birds among its branches.

The Princess Royal climbed trees, the Princess Royal neglected her lessons, although she was ready enough to listen to the old tales and ballads her father told his children. No doubt her excitable little heart, like Sir Philip Sidney's, was "moved more than with a trumpet" by the quaint heroic song of how

> The Perse out of Northombarlonde
> A vow to God mayd he.

The Princess Royal peeped into the forbidden services of her mother's Roman Catholic chapel. The Princess Royal slipped a rosary out behind the back of her honest Protestant tutor and kissed it, out of mischief, not out of piety, while Queen Henrietta Maria laughed and the maids of honor giggled at the naughty girl.

After all it was chiefly the lack of a rosary

that broke off the match proposed between the English Princess Royal and the heir to the Spanish throne, and therewith vanished Mary's childish ambition to become a queen. For now the fairy prince appeared upon her horizon.

Mary was about ten when the Stadholder of Holland wrote to arrange a marriage between his son and one of the princesses of England. He did not seem to care which one, and little Elizabeth was at first suggested. His son, Prince William, was now nearly sixteen. He was to be the ruler of Holland, a thrifty, wealthy, enterprising country, better worth ruling over than many a large kingdom. The family of Orange-Nassau was wealthy too. In the days of William the Silent the family palace had been in Brussels, where they lived in much state and kept open house to all comers. No one ever knew how many were fed from the table of the Prince of Orange, for his doors were closed to none. William the Silent had twenty-four noblemen and eighteen pages of gentle blood to wait upon him, besides a small army of servants. Once when he decided to economize a little he dismissed twenty-eight chief cooks in one day; but

that did not make much difference in such a household as he kept up.

Prince William and his father in the Prinsenhof at Delft did not live in such an extravagant style; but they had everything their position demanded and more. Moreover, the young prince was said to be a most accomplished lad, and the portrait which was sent over to England with the proposal showed him an ideal young cavalier, with a shining breastplate, falling chestnut curls, and a beautiful spirited face.

"He is very handsome and noble," said the Princess Elizabeth, "yet methinks the Prince were more suited to my older sister than to me." As the child was only seven and sickly at that, older heads thought the same. After some discussion Mary's name was substituted; her portrait, painted by the famous Van Dyck, was sent to Holland; and before long Prince William came over to England to seek his bride.

Innumerable pretty stories are told of his courting. They crop out in cold official records, and they blossom in the lad's naïve letters to his father with fragrant suggestions of boy and girl romance.

Mary could not see her suitor; Mary was

sick in bed. Small obstacle was this in days when my lady's chamber was also her reception room. But King Charles said No. His daughter had a swollen face. "You might repent and decline her." So the Prince of Wales was sent to show the visitor around the garden.

The two boys became mighty confidential. Prince William was eager, Princess Mary was willing, Prince Charles was good-humored and careless, as might be expected of the future "merry monarch." He himself led his new friend into his sister's room, where the little girl was sitting up in her canopied bed, with her cheeks flushed and her eyes shining. Though they did not know it, on the other side of the heavy state bed the king and queen were concealed, watching with no small amusement the first meeting of the princely pair. It was a formal meeting, for all three children had been brought up in courts. The bridegroom bowed deeply, uttered some stiff compliments, laid a letter and a bouquet before his small betrothed, and withdrew.

Evidently the swollen face was not much of a disfigurement, for later Prince William wrote happily to his father:

"I will tell your Highness all about it. At the beginning we have been a little serious, but now we are very free together. I think she is far more beautiful than her picture, and love her very much, and I think she loves me also."

The united ages of these lovers were twenty-six. Yet, after all, their juvenile fancy strengthened with their growth and lasted through both lives. William's handsome person and graceful manners were admired by older minds than that of the ten-year-old Princess Royal's. He "pronounced his little speeches with the best grace," wrote one who heard them. He was given the key of the garden of Somerset House, so that he could visit the royal children without ceremony. No other reigning family in Europe had a domestic life savoring so much of the home and so little of the court.

Shortly the boy of sixteen and the girl of ten were married with much pomp in the chapel of Whitehall Palace, all hung for the occasion with cloth of gold, carpeted with Turkey rugs, and lighted with silver candlesticks. Nobles and princes of the realm in splendid attire filled the body of the church, and through that brilliant assemblage the

bride came slowly forward with one of her brothers — both later to be kings of England — holding either hand.

She was dressed in rich white silk ; her long train, embroidered in silver, was carried by six ladies of high rank. Her pretty curls, that usually fell loose on her shoulders, were fastened up like a grown woman's and decked with pearls and silver ribbons. She wore a necklace of pearls close around her throat, a great chain of them about her shoulders, and on her breast a rose of six choice pearls, "the fairest in Christendom." The handsome young bridegroom came escorted by the ambassadors, the heralds and the emblems of Holland. He wore a cloak and suit of Utrecht velvet heavily worked in silver. "He had ten pages and as many footmen, all habited in sky-blue velvet trimmed with silver and made up after the French fashion.

"Then the Archbishop began to read the articles of marriage," [so the Prince wrote to his father,] "to which he made me respond in English, which responses I had learned by heart. When that was read the king joined our hands ; after that I gave the Princess the ring. It was not a diamond ring, but a plain gold ring without enamel."

It sounds as though the lad had not been altogether pleased with that "plain gold ring"; as though he thought a diamond would have been better suited to the fairy bride, all shimmering in white and silver, who stood before the Archbishop with him amid so much pomp and splendor.

In spite of the pomp and splendor England was then an unquiet place to live in. Strafford had just been beheaded; king and parliament were almost at open war. William begged hard to take his wife safe home to Holland with him, but was not allowed. So he bade her farewell, promising that if she were not brought to him next year he would come and fetch her himself. And she gave him a jewel she had worn on her bosom, and he kissed it and fastened it upon his own.

Next year the little bride crossed to her new home with doughty old Admiral Van Tromp, he who once nailed a broom to his masthead in token that he had swept Holland's enemies from off the seas.

Poor, pretty, restless little bride! She was much like a caged bird, shut up with a governess and lesson-books in a dull mansion at the Hague after the glories of her

wedding, the excitement of her journey, and the festivities of her welcome. She must learn French and Dutch, and how much English tuition she needed may be gathered from her childish misspelled letters. In one, writing about her clothes, she says:

"My gown does very well, but my *pett* is a little too long, but the *oner* one does serve me well *anofe*."

"Pett" means petticoat. "Oner" and "anofe" are her way of spelling "other" and "enough." Fie! fie! Princess Mary, a great girl nearly twelve, like you!

At the age of fifteen — surely quite early enough — Mary took her place as married woman and Princess of Orange by her husband's side. He was one of the handsomest and most accomplished nobles of his day. He was devoted to his young wife and most generous to her unhappy family. For by this time King Charles was beheaded, Queen Henrietta Maria and her daughter were beggars at the gay court of France, where they lay abed to keep warm in their poverty-stricken apartment, Charles and James and Henry were wanderers on the face of the earth. Their sister welcomed them to Holland, and their brother-

in-law fairly kept open house to all ruined cavaliers.

Yet Mary found her path strewn with pitfalls. Daily her inexperienced feet stumbled over rules of etiquette and points of policy. The Dowager Princess of Orange was an ambitious, jealous, domineering woman. More than once was foolish Mary led into boasting of her superior rank. She, forsooth, was the daughter of a King of England and the granddaughter of a King of France, while her mother-in-law was only the daughter of the Count of Solms. What an amount of petty spite, what ill-bred malice, these great ladies permitted themselves! Once, when both were calling upon the Queen of Bohemia, the Dowager purposely poured lemonade over her daughter-in-law's new muff.

Another time she hurt her more keenly, for she brought to court a written prophecy which said that the Prince of Orange's son and heir would be the child of a widow. Mary was in delicate health at the time, and superstitious people declared that she would shortly die and that her husband would marry again, this time a widow. They entertained themselves counting over all

the widows of high birth and considering which would be the most likely second wife for Prince William.

These were not pleasant things for Mary to hear, and the second part of that famous prophecy was still more disheartening. It announced that the prince would die of smallpox before he was twenty-five. He was already in his twenty-fifth year.

Then, too, the Dowager Princess of Orange frequently taunted Mary with her needy relations. No doubt much good Dutch money found its way into the pockets of the penniless King of England and his brothers. Holland was a hotbed of exiled Stuarts, and they bid fair to embroil the peaceful country with the Lord Protector of England.

Mary's position must have been embarrassing when her fiery young cousin, Prince Edward of Bohemia, shouted: "O you rogues! O you dogs!" at the emissaries of the Commonwealth. Still harder to explain away was her brother James's conduct. He met Cromwell's ambassador face to face in the park at the Hague. Neither would give way for the other to pass, so the boy snatched off the ambassador's hat and threw it in his face, exclaiming: "Learn, parri-

cide, to respect the brother of your king!" Whereon recourse to arms was with difficulty prevented.

Here were troubles enough for a delicate young creature of eighteen, but worse was to follow.

On a hunting party at Arnheim William fell ill. He was brought back to the Hague in a high fever, and the physicians immediately pronounced it a violent case of smallpox. William ordered them not to let his wife see him, and to preserve her from any possible infection. This they seem to have obeyed. They apparently also obeyed some delirious command of the sick man. It is stated that they allowed him to change his shirt thirty times during the short week that his illness lasted. Possibly he was fatally chilled in this way. Undoubtedly they bled him and drenched him and physicked him after the vigorous methods of those dark pre-vaccination ages. At all events he promptly succumbed.

Mary would not at first believe the sad news, but the truth was forced upon her when they began carrying out the dismal rules of court mourning. Her chamber walls were hung with black; her bed was

given a black canopy and curtains; all the windows were closed and shuttered tight, and a row of lamps with black shades gave the only light allowed in her melancholy apartment.

In these funereal surroundings her baby was born, a week after his father's death. The tiny creature was laid in a black cradle and all his wee frocks, sashes, and caps were of the deepest mourning.

So the Prince of Orange died, as was foretold, of smallpox in his twenty-fifth year, and his son and heir was the child of a widow. The frail baby in the black cradle grew up to be another Prince William of Orange, and to marry another Mary Stuart, his cousin, with whom he ruled England as one of the best of her sovereigns, King William III.

And Mary, the romping Princess Royal, the little bride in one of the last of those child weddings that were usual in the Middle Ages, Mary, the wilful young Princess of Orange, became a widow indeed. She lived ten years longer, but she never married again.

THE LITTLE DAUPHIN

1785–1795

THE LITTLE DAUPHIN—SON OF LOUIS XVI.

The Little Dauphin

1785–1795

ABOUT the time your great-great-grandfather was a boy, when George Washington was president of the United States, a beautiful little prince was born in France. He was called the "Dauphin," which was the title given in France to the son of a king who would some day himself be king. His name was Louis, and, because there had been a great many King Louis' of France, people had taken to numbering them; so they sometimes called him Louis the Seventeenth. His father was King Louis the Sixteenth of France, and his mother was the beautiful, haughty Austrian princess, Marie Antoinette.

The little Dauphin lived in a palace where there were most beautiful pictures, and gilded

furniture, and long stately halls completely lined with mirrors, and superb gardens filled with fine statues, and about a hundred wonderful fountains. When he went out in the street the people cheered him; when it was his birthday there were fireworks, and all the children in the land had a holiday. As he was such a grand little personage his portrait was very often painted. The best was that by the famous painter Greuze, and just showed a healthy, happy boy, with his ball in his hand, and his curly locks, darker than those of his beautiful golden-haired mother, tossed back, and his blue eyes shining.

Another picture shows the whole family: the king, the queen, the little Dauphin and his older sister, all handsomely dressed in what was then the height of the fashion: the gentlemen with knee-breeches and swords and satin coats, their hair tied in a queue and powdered; the ladies with great crinolines holding out their silken skirts and their hair powdered also and curled and piled into elaborate head-dresses with ringlets and garlands.

Now all these fine clothes and the palaces and fountains and mirrors were costly. The

French people had been giving their money to their kings and queens for so many hundreds of years that they really had none left. Many of them were in need of food, and went about the streets crying for bread. They thought the king could give it to them, so they called him "the baker," and the little Dauphin began to be called the baker's boy, instead of "your royal highness."

Fearful riots began. The great prison of Paris was torn down and all the prisoners were set free, and all the soldiers who guarded it were killed. One day a fierce mob marched all the way out from Paris to the royal palace at Versailles. They were mostly women, but the women were worse than the men, — terrible, angry creatures who swore and threatened horribly. To quiet them the queen took her little boy by the hand and stepped out on the balcony of the palace. "No children! no children!" they yelled. So the little Dauphin was taken back, and the brave queen stepped out alone and spoke to them, begging them to say quietly what they wanted.

One of the things they wanted was for the royal family to come back to the city of Paris and live in their palace of the Tuileries.

It was a dreadful ride back to the city, the royal family sitting sadly inside of their fine carriage, trying not to look frightened, while a howling mob surrounded them and thrust their heads into the carriage windows and yelled insults.

However, once they reached the palace of the Tuileries there was peace for a while. There in the great gardens a small plot was given to the Dauphin for his own garden, where he could plant what he liked and pick all the flowers he chose. He used to work in it till the perspiration poured off his face, and people that passed by wondered to see a young prince laboring as hard as any farmer's boy. He had his work and his lessons and his play, just as if everything were quiet and settled.

There are many stories told of his pretty intelligent ways. Once when his tutor was not sure that he understood what he had been learning in his grammar: "Oh, yes, I do," said the little Dauphin. "If I say, 'My tutor is a good tutor,' that is positive. And if I say, 'My tutor is better than another tutor,' that is comparative. And if I say, 'My mamma is the best and most beloved of mammas,' that is superlative."

He knew very well that his dear mamma had troubles. One day a poor woman came to his own little garden to beg for help. She said if she could get it she would be as happy as a queen. "Happy as a queen," repeated the little prince, "ah! I know a queen who does nothing but weep." But he went in and obtained from his mother the help the woman needed, and with it he gave her a flower from his little garden.

About this time the Dauphin's heart was divided between his garden and his regiment. Two hundred boys had formed themselves into a military company which they called the Regiment of the Royal Dauphin. They wore a little uniform exactly like that of the National Guard; they used to march and drill and salute and relieve guard, just like the grown-up regiments, and I have no doubt their six-year-old colonel, with his tiny cocked hat and his miniature white gaiters, thought that he and his gallant army could strike terror into any enemies.

Meanwhile the king's enemies were increasing, and his friends had nearly all run away to foreign countries. At last the king thought he too would try to escape to another country, with his family.

The first that the little Dauphin knew of all this was when he was waked in the middle of the night, dressed up like a little girl, and hurried down to a carriage half asleep.

"I wonder what he thinks we are doing?" said his older sister.

"I think we are going to play theatre-acting," said the bewildered little boy, "because we are all dressed up so strangely."

Poor little prince! It was a sad and awful drama in which he was to play a part. It began when in spite of their "dressing up" the royal family were recognized and brought back to Paris. First came more rioting, more bloodshed. Then the Dauphin, the king and queen his parents, his aunt and his sister were thrown into a prison called the Temple. And then it was declared that Louis XVI. should no longer reign over France.

In his place came what was called the Reign of Terror. The country was governed by a succession of ferocious men. All the friends of the royal family who had not already escaped were seized and beheaded; the churches were closed; priests or any persons who dared to teach religion were

thrown in prison or put to death. A machine called the guillotine was invented that would chop off heads quicker than could be done by hand. And the head-chopping machine was kept busy. So many people were killed that the gutters ran red with blood. Sometimes the heads that had been cut off were put on long poles and held up to the windows of the Temple, so that the king and queen should see what became of their friends.

By and by the king was taken out of prison and beheaded; then the queen. Both met death with the greatest dignity and courage. The bitterest part of it must have been the thought of the lovely, helpless child they were leaving behind them.

The little Dauphin never knew of his mother's death. He had been separated from her and put in a different part of the Temple under the care of a brutal shoemaker named Simon, and his wife. They were the coarsest and the cruelest pair you can well imagine. Once such people would not have been allowed in the little prince's presence, now he waited upon them, cleaned their shoes, and in return was knocked down, beaten, and sworn at. When he

thought his tormentors were asleep he would slip out of his bed and kneel to say the prayers his mother taught him. Once Simon caught him at it and threw a pail of water over him. It was a winter's night, and the child lay drenched and shivering till morning. They hated to see him remain handsome and fearless and courteous in spite of them. They cut off his long curls; they told him wicked lying tales about his father and mother; they tried to teach him oaths and vile songs, but these he would not repeat, except when they succeeded in making him drink till he did not know what he was doing. He did not like wine, but they forced him to take it.

This went on for about six months, and then something even worse happened to him. The brutal Simon was discharged, and the government saved the expense of a keeper by locking the little boy in a solitary cell.

He had a small barred window, which let in a dim light during the day. At night there was none; nor was there any heat in cold weather. Through a wicket in the heavy door from time to time a guard looked in to see that a living child was still inside. Through this they thrust his food

to him. Neither his clothing nor his bed-linen was changed for many months. At first he used to try to clean his cell himself, but gradually his strength failed him. It is said that he became too weak even to struggle with the rats and mice for his food. No one had spoken to him, and no one had heard him speak. No one knew whether that once bright and vigorous little mind had not failed under the horror of solitude and darkness.

At last the Reign of Terror came to an end. The new government sent a man named Laurent to report on the condition of the little prisoner in the Temple.

This is what he found : a cell full of filth and vermin and, cowering in one corner, a feeble creature bent and wrinkled like an old man ; his clothes were ragged, his hair matted, his body covered with frightful sores ; either he could not or he would not speak. This was the wreck that had been made of a beautiful, hopeful boy.

Now Laurent was a man of ordinary, decent humanity. He could not set the wretched child free, but he did what he could. He gave him a clean room and proper food and clothing. Slowly the little

Dauphin improved, but he never recovered entirely.

He longed for air and freedom, and he begged to see his family. At night they heard him sobbing in his bed, "Always alone! always alone!"

Once when they were moving him from one room to another he ran and threw himself against the door which used to be that of his mother's room. They had never told him she was dead.

When at last the slow agony was over and little Louis XVII. lay on his deathbed, he said he heard lovely music. No one else heard it. And then, they say, he sat up in his bed and his blue eyes shone. He heard the singing again. "Oh! among those voices I recognize my mother's!" he cried. And in that moment of joy he died. He was ten years old, and about a third of his short life had been spent in prison.

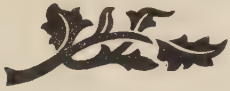
When the news was brought to the government they were in the act of proclaiming a description and a reward for any one who should arrest the young prince. Sick as they knew him to be, they knew that his friends were always planning an escape for him, and just now they had especial

reason to fear that such an attempt might succeed.

Shortly after the dying boy spoke of the angel music, another boy in a different part of France was arrested on suspicion of being the little Dauphin. But they could not arrest the little Dauphin now. He had escaped them at last.

HENRY OF NAVARRE

1553–1610



Henry of Navarre

1553–1610

DOWN in the southwestern corner of France, close against the rocky range of the Pyrenees, which separates it from Spain, nestles a tiny kingdom formerly called Navarre. It is a land of green valleys, filled with chestnut and olive trees, leading up to steep snow-capped mountains. Overlooking one of these valleys is the picturesque town of Pau, with its ancient castle crowning the cliff above it.

One December, three centuries and a half ago, lights gleamed from the castle windows long after midnight; servants bustled about inside; physicians and nurses gave orders with an important air from the door of the Queen of Navarre's own room, and sleepy

pages waited in the stone-flagged hall to do their bidding. By and by the voice of a woman feebly singing an old French carol floated out to the ears of these drowsy ones, and they straightened up and murmured to one another, —

"It must be Queen Jeanne, for even so she promised her royal father she would sing. The valiant lady!" And then an elderly man brushed past them into the chamber beyond.

"The baby has come. A fine healthy boy!" cried the nurse to him.

"Then this is for my daughter," said he, giving her a golden casket. "And this is for me!" he added, wrapping the new-born babe in a fold of his long dressing-gown. "He must grow up brave and hardy," muttered the old man. He poured a drop of wine into the little half-open mouth, and rubbed it with a clove of garlic. The nurse looked on in dismay, but the baby sucked its lips and nodded its head, as if pleased. "Aha! thou art a true Gascon!" cried the delighted grandfather, and nothing would do but he must at once carry it out and present it to his subjects as their future king.

In a huge tortoise shell the baby was

carried to church to be baptized Henry. A few months later, according to his sturdy old grandfather's wish, he was taken to a mountain village, and here he was brought up in the simplest manner. For Queen Jeanne's first two children had died, and the old grandfather declared that it was because they were coddled too much. He said this baby should be brought up on his system, and Queen Jeanne agreed to let him have his own way. So as soon as he could walk, little Henry of Navarre ran barefoot and bareheaded in the grass; he lived on porridge, like the country lads; joined in all their sports and grew up a healthy, active youngster. Long years afterwards it was said of him that when he had walked every one else to a stand, he would call for horses for a hunt, and when the horses could go no farther, he would run down the game on foot.

While his grandfather took care of his health, his mother, Queen Jeanne, took care of his mind. He was a bright child, but not patient with his books, and never became a great scholar. He learned the history of his own and other countries; he spoke Spanish and Italian; he knew Latin fairly well,

and some tags of Greek. These things he learned and more, partly scrambling over his native mountains with his tutor at his heels, and partly when he visited the French court in gay Paris.

The first time he visited there, he was but five or six years old, a healthy, wide-awake, active youngster, very different from the languid, spoiled children of King Henry and Queen Catherine of France. The king liked him, as he liked all children, and jokingly asked him, "Will you be my son?"

"No," said small Henry of Navarre, sturdily, "I am his son," pointing to his father. "Well, then, won't you be my son-in-law?" asked the good-natured French king. "Ay, that will I gladly," promised the little fellow, smiling confidingly back at the face that smiled at him. He had not the least idea what a son-in-law was, nor why everybody laughed. And that was the first proposal for the marriage that afterwards took place between Henry of Navarre and Marguerite of France.

The next time Henry went to visit the French court it was the worst possible place for a boy. His own father was dead and

HENRY OF NAVARRE

King Henry II. of France was dead, leaving three sons, the Valois princes, Francis, Charles, and Henry. They were cousins to Henry of Navarre and about his own age, and one after another they became kings of France. Then there was their mother, Queen Catherine de Medici, a sly, unscrupulous Italian woman, who really managed everything her own way. She indulged her sons shamefully, so that they should become too lazy to govern and leave the power in her hands.

There was continual feasting and card-playing and dancing and masquerading going on. The Valois boys had more pets and more jewelry, and richer clothes and more graceful manners than were dreamed of in the plain little kingdom of Navarre. Henry, who was about eight years old, thought all this very fine. He soon lost his Southern accent and his countrified ways, and he was so good-tempered and lively that even his selfish, idle cousins liked him. He learned to fence and dance and bow and write poetry, — necessary parts of a young nobleman's education.

All of the young princes chose Greek or Latin mottoes. Henry chose one in Greek

which meant "Conquer or Die," but Queen Catherine objected to it. Perhaps he said it too often, and perhaps she wished him to be more like her own sons. Anyhow, she forbade his tutor to teach him such mottoes. She said they made him obstinate.

Catherine de Medici often interfered with studies, for she did not wish any of the young princes led to think seriously. In her calculating, selfish way she liked the Southern lad. She kept him with her even at her council-table and in journeys about the country, where, being a wide-awake, observant boy, he perhaps learned as much as he might have learned in school. Catherine used to laugh at his sharp speeches, but she did not laugh at his strong arm, when one day in a childish quarrel he beat two of her sons. He was soundly whipped for this, but little cared he. He was used to punishments from his own mother, strict Queen Jeanne, who was now far away at home and longing to see her boy again. It was most unwillingly that she ever allowed him away from her, but she dared not offend her powerful French relations, and Catherine de Medici insisted on Henry's spending year after year with her.

At this time France was divided between two great religious parties, — the Catholics and the Protestants, or Huguenots. They hated each other bitterly ; they fought and killed each other in the name of a loving Saviour. For fifty years civil war, murder, persecution, and torture went on intermittently. Catherine de Medici was a Catholic, but she was a treacherous creature who really cared for neither religion, and sided first with one and then with the other, just as it suited her. Jeanne d'Albret, Henry's mother, was a strong and conscientious Huguenot, and brought up her son in the same way. You may imagine how it distressed her that so much of his youth was spent with the enemies of her religion.

One time that Catherine kept Henry of Navarre dangling about her council-chamber she must have wished she had n't.

The famous Spanish general, the Duke of Alva, was visiting her, and they were discussing the best way of crushing the Huguenots. Catherine was ready to destroy the greater part of them, but she was afraid to meddle with their leaders, many of whom, like Navarre's family, were princes of royal blood. Catherine and Alva talked

in a roundabout way, naming no names and feeling sure that the boy would not understand them. He did not understand, nor even listen to all they said, but when he heard Alva say impressively, "No, Madame! The head of a salmon is worth a hundred frogs!" it startled him with some glimmering of an idea. Did Alva mean that he would rather cut off the head of an important person than kill a hundred of the small fry? The shrewd lad puzzled out that the great fish, the "salmon" among the Huguenots, were people like Admiral Coligny, or the Prince of Condé, or his own mother. Did Alva want their heads? He was not sure, but the more he thought it over the more threatening that sentence sounded. He managed to send word to his mother of what he had overheard, and the warning for a time put an end to the danger.

When at last Queen Jeanne contrived to get her son back, he was a tall, broad-shouldered boy of thirteen, who looked sixteen. He was a brown-skinned, big-nosed fellow, with short, crisply curling black hair, that almost stood on end, in a characteristically alert and vigorous way, above a broad forehead; he had a merry

flashing smile, that showed his white teeth and lit up his dark eyes till he was almost handsome. At all events the people of Navarre praised his good looks and his good heart and his good manners, and he livened things up wonderfully in his mother's prim, prosy little court.

When Henry was fifteen, Queen Jeanne took him and an orphan cousin of his, the young Prince of Condé, to the Huguenot army, and solemnly dedicated her "two sons," as she called them, to fight for the good cause.

Condé, by the way, was an orphan because the court party had actually succeeded in getting the head of one "salmon," his father. The boys had never met before, but they were destined to fight side by side nearly all the rest of their lives. They were both clever, active, eager lads, good riders and good swordsmen. Condé was a little the older, but Navarre was taller.

On account of their high rank the young princes were considered the leaders of the army, but the real commander was the great Admiral Coligny, one of the noblest men who ever lived. The Catholics used mockingly to call the boys "the Admiral's

pages;" but they had only to look into that brave old face to make up their minds that here was one whom it was an honor for even princes of the blood royal to serve. He taught them to command an army and to command themselves. Henry was a born soldier; dashing in attack; patient and wary in defence; always cheery, never discouraged, and with the gift of saying a few eloquent words, just at the right time to stir the hearts of his followers.

The war dragged on fitfully for a year or two. Sometimes the Huguenots won and sometimes they lost. They were badly defeated at one battle where the nominal commander of the Catholics was like their own, a young prince, Henry of Valois, one of Henry of Navarre's former playmates. Another playmate, Charles, was now King of France, and anxious to have peace in his kingdom. At this battle of Moncontour Henry of Navarre had been ordered to keep in the background, and soldier-like he obeyed, but he fairly wept with rage to see it go against them.

"Oh, and we had the advantage!" he cried; "and now we are losing it, and the battle as well."

But there was not much profit in winning battles from indomitable old Admiral Coligny. He was away at once, and rolled up a new army "like a snowball," as people said. No one was as delighted as he, though, to hear that young King Charles really desired peace, and would grant fair terms to the Huguenots. And being a long-headed statesman as well as a brave soldier, he succeeded in having a very favorable treaty signed. This provoked one hot-tempered Catholic to complain, "We gained by arms, but they gained by those devils of documents."

To make the peace more lasting it was proposed that the two Huguenot princes, Navarre and Condé, should marry two Catholic princesses. King Charles offered to Henry of Navarre his sister Marguerite, a clever, showy, bold coquette of a girl, about his own age. This was a very brilliant match, but Queen Jeanne of Navarre hesitated a long time over it, lest its worldly advantages should cover some snare for her son's religion. She was also warned that if ever that wedding took place it would be "with crimson favors." She did, however, come to Paris and make all the necessary

arrangements. She wrote to Henry about his bride.

"She is beautiful and discreet and of good demeanor, but brought up in the most accursed and most corrupt society that ever was. I would not for anything in the world have you here to remain. That is why I desire to get you married, and you and your wife withdrawn from this corruption."

But in the midst of her hurry the good queen suddenly died, to the great sorrow of her son, and it was whispered about that Catherine de Medici had poisoned her in a pair of gloves.

At last the wedding day came. Eight hundred gentlemen came in Henry's suite to Paris. The marriage took place in great pomp on a platform outside of Notre Dame Cathedral. Princess Marguerite was resplendent in jewels and plumes, and a long blue velvet train embroidered with the golden lilies of France. Nearly all the Huguenot nobles of France were gathered in the capital to see their young leader married.

And here his boyhood ends. He was now nineteen ; no longer a prince, but King of Navarre ; no longer a youth, but a married man.

How, after all, it was a terrible marriage "with crimson favors;" how the streets of Paris were red with Huguenot blood; how basely Coligny was slain; how for four years Navarre and Condé were held in captivity; how he escaped; how he gallantly led the Huguenots and fought and joked and won all men's hearts; how at the battle of Ivry he bade his soldiers follow his white plume, — "you will always find it on the road to victory and honor;" how he became King Henry IV. of France, the best-beloved of all sovereigns, — all this belongs to the history of his manhood.

THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER

1470–1483

THE PRINCES EDWARD AND RICHARD IN THE TOWER.

The Princes in the Tower

1470–1483

ONG, long ago, when kings and queens were far more important than they are now, a little, little boy was being dressed for a fine ceremony. He was a king's son, so he had a great many more people to wait upon him and fuss over him than any five-year-old would have to-day, and he was just as restless as your own little brother.

In those days there were no steam-heated houses, but the long wall was broken halfway down by a huge open fireplace, and over it a sort of pointed chimney-piece jutted out into the room like a roof. Under this roof, close to the blazing logs, it was pleasantly warm, although the rest of the

lofty chamber was not much warmer than the January day outside.

Here a bath was set. Two young pages in liveries of mulberry and blue stood beside it to warm towels and hand sweet-smelling waters, and finally carry the tub away, when the sturdy little fellow was lifted out. Here four or five ladies combed and curled his golden hair. They drew on his long silken hose, his rich suit of purple silk, and his tunic of cloth of gold lined with fur, such as only members of the royal family were allowed to wear. Next they brought a gay velvet cap with a long plume and a jewelled clasp, they put a chain of thick gold around his neck, and last of all they belted a tiny sword to his side, — a beautiful little weapon, sharp as a dagger, with a scabbard and hilt all set with gems.

Then all the ladies stood off and smiled and said, "Faith, 't is a brave prince!" and called him "comely Prince Richard" and "pretty poppet" and "sweet chuck," and a great many other queer names. The youngest lady brought him a polished piece of steel set in a handle like a lady's toilet mirror — real looking-glasses were not yet invented — and told him to see how brave he looked.

It reflected his rosy cheeks and yellow curls, but was not long enough to show his new sword, so Richard pushed it away and climbed down from the chair and strutted about the room pulling his bright blade in and out of the scabbard and calling on them to admire it. And they all pretended to be afraid, and begged him not to slay them with his splendid sword. The youngest lady said he looked like his Uncle Richard of Gloucester.

"Nay, I am not like my Uncle Richard!" cried the child, with a baby scowl.

"Ay, but thou art, Prince Dickon. Even so doth he frown and even so doth he play with his sword."

"Then I'll not frown and I'll not touch my sword. I'll not be like my Uncle Richard!" scolded the pretty boy. "My Uncle Richard hath a hump on his back."

The ladies looked at one another and tittered. The oldest lady reproved him. "'T is not fitting, sweet prince, to speak thus of the noble Duke of Gloucester."

"My Uncle Richard hath a hump," sang the naughty boy, capering about the room, "my Uncle Richard hath a hump! and I am straight."

"'T is a God's mercy his uncle is not nigh to hear him!" murmured the oldest lady.

And what do you suppose was the grand occasion Prince Richard was being dressed for? Nothing less than his own wedding. In those days boys and girls were married before they could speak plain, especially if they were the children of kings or of wealthy nobles. They did not pick out their own husbands and wives. The grown-ups attended to that for them, and the grown-ups' idea was to marry their little folks to other little folks who belonged to people of great importance or wealth.

Richard's mother, the queen, had already engaged her daughter Elizabeth, who was eleven years old, to the son of the King of France. No one had yet been found good enough for her oldest son Edward, who would some day be King of England; and little Richard — "Dickon," as his big jovial father called him — was to be married this very day to Lady Anne Mowbray, the baby heiress of the powerful Duke of Norfolk.

Dickon thought getting married was pleasant enough. Every one petted him and fussed over him. And he had a new sword.

Presently he was marching into St. Stephen's chapel beside his mother, the queen. She was whispering to him to keep still and behave. The church was all hung with cloth of gold that glittered in the light of a thousand tapers. The tiny flames were reflected in the polished armor of many a gallant knight and shone on many a lady in rich crimson or green brocade with long fur-trimmed trains and high steeple-like head-dresses. His big handsome father, King Edward, sat in robe and crown on a chair of state near the altar. The princesses, his sisters, were there in their best jewels and laces; and his older brother and playmate, Edward, Prince of Wales, for once less important than little Richard; and back of them any number of men-at-arms in the mulberry and blue liveries of the House of York.

All this the boy saw as he marched stolidly up the aisle. He heard the people whispering to each other, "Young Richard of York." One voice said, "A plays with a's sword like the Duke of Gloucester." Then he knew that his restless fingers were pulling at the hilt, and he let go angrily. Anyhow, he was glad his Uncle Richard was not at his wedding.

Here came his favorite uncle, Lord Rivers. He was called the handsomest and the most accomplished man in England. No knight could stand against him in the jousting field, and no lady but gazed at him in admiration as he slowly entered, subduing his martial stride to the wee three-year-old maiden with him. She was a pretty little creature, who looked about her with round babyish eyes and clutched her tall companion's finger and prattled up into his kind face. She wore a long white and silver gown with a heavy train, held up by two pages, or she would not have been able to walk. She had a veil embroidered in silver, and about her dimpled neck pearls as fine as the queen's. But, being a girl, she could have no sword, so, to Richard's thinking, she missed the best part of being married.

The small bride and groom got through the ceremony as best they might, with a great deal of prompting from the grown persons. Then the long, gay procession streamed out past curious guards and serving-men. More than one looked after them with a pitying smile and murmured the old English proverb, —

"Early wed, early dead."

In the Painted Chamber a gorgeous banquet was served them, where the new little Duchess of York promptly fell asleep with her curly head on the table, while Richard, in his determination to prove himself a man, ate a great deal more than was good for him and quite naturally had bad dreams.

No one knows now what that little lad dreamed of in the great state bed of an English palace, four hundred years ago. Perhaps his cherished new sword mingled with his fancies. Perhaps it led to visions of grim hump-backed Uncle Richard of Gloucester, who had a nervous trick of moving his weapon in its sheath, just as Dickon of York had done. It would not be strange if his nightmare took this form.

In the old histories there is not much mention of the five-year-old Duke of York. We know that his baby bride was not long-lived, and that "Dickon" was probably the youngest widower on record. We know that he had a pony, and that his pony had a harness and saddle covered with crimson velvet and green cloth, because in the musty yellow pages of an ancient account-book these things are down among the expenses of his father, King Edward IV. And we

know that the young rider was as gorgeous as his steed, for in the same book are entries of clothes purchased for Prince Richard. He had a blue velvet mantle lined with white damask, garnished with a "garter of ruddeur," whatever that may be, and blue silk lace with buttons of gold. Another time he had gowns made of purple and green velvet, and of green damask and white cloth of gold; one was of blue satin with purple velvet lining, and one of green satin lined with white sarsenet. If fine feathers make fine birds, Richard of York must have been a very birdling of Paradise.

It is said that he was a bright boy also, although more pains were taken with the education of his brother Edward, who was two years older. Before Edward could walk he used to be carried to all kinds of processions and ceremonies where it was deemed proper for the heir of the throne to appear. When he was eighteen months old he sat in state with the king and queen to receive Caxton, the first English printer, whom his uncle, Lord Rivers, introduced at court. A valuable old painting represents this scene with Prince Edward as a plump, rosy baby with long, light curls, gravely

considering what was in those days a wonder, — an actual printed book.

Something as a boy might be sent away to school nowadays, Edward, Prince of Wales, was sent away to his uncle, Lord Rivers, to be educated, with very strict rules from the king as to his bringing-up. He had to get up at daybreak and have prayers or lessons nearly all day. Even while he ate his dinner there must be read to him "such noble stories as behoveth a prince to understand and to know." No person was to be allowed in his presence who drank or swore or used bad language, or gambled, or quarrelled.

When the king his father died, Prince Edward was away at Ludlow Castle with his kind Uncle Rivers. Little Richard was in London with his mother and sisters, and Edward was sent for in haste to come and take his place as king. The widowed queen begged the lords of the realm to send an army to fetch him safely, but they laughed at her and said there was no need of an army, for the young king had no enemies.

And the next news that came was that Richard of Gloucester had waylaid the boy on his journey, scattered his guards, thrown

Lord Rivers into prison, and was now bringing young Edward to London in his own way.

Duke Richard of Gloucester was the brother of the late king. He was very different from the children's other uncle, Lord Rivers, although quite as clever. He had a crooked back and a withered arm. The sneers he had heard all his life about his personal appearance had not sweetened his temper. He was a cruel, sly, ambitious man, and next to the boys, Edward and Richard, he was heir to the English throne.

No doubt this fact was never absent from his mind, but at first he said nothing about it. He wrote an affectionate letter to the queen in London; he declared his nephew Edward to be King of England; and when they reached London he had the boy dressed in royal purple velvet and rode beside him at the head of his troops, with his cap respectfully in his hand. But if the people cheered their young king, the duke scowled.

Crook-back Richard did not deceive the queen-mother. As soon as she heard that her son was in his hands she fled to the sanctuary of Westminster with her other

children. In those old fierce warlike times many great churches had what was called "the right of sanctuary;" that is, the right of giving shelter to people who took refuge there from their enemies. Even if a man had committed theft or murder he could not be dragged out of sanctuary to be punished for it. So the queen felt quite safe in the sanctuary of Westminster with her tall daughter Elizabeth, and her son Richard, who was sick of a fever, and her three younger daughters. They felt quite safe even though from the upper windows they could see that the river was covered with Gloucester's boats, and they knew that his soldiers filled the streets, ready to seize them if they ventured outside.

Meantime the Duke of Gloucester, under pretence of preparing for a grand coronation banquet, kept his nephew Edward shut up in the gloomy fortress called the Tower, and was scheming day and night how to obtain possession of his nephew Richard. If he were openly to violate the law of sanctuary, if he were to send soldiers to take the fugitives out forcibly, every one would cry "Shame!" on him. No, he must manage differently. So he held a meeting of his

councillors and argued with them that children could not be kept in sanctuary. Sanctuary was meant to protect grown persons who were guilty of some crime from the vengeance of their enemies; and as children could not commit crimes, they did not require this protection.

And all the lords in council assembled believed his plausible words. So they went and told the queen that Prince Richard must come out; his brother the young king needed a companion; his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, would take good care of him; and they, his faithful lords, would convey him to his loving uncle.

Oh, how the poor queen begged and prayed to keep her boy! She said he was not well, and if his brother must have a playmate some other could be found. She told them as plainly as she dared that she believed Richard of Gloucester wished to kill both his nephews, so that he could have the throne. And she explained that as long as one of them was living he could not claim it, so that if she kept little Richard safe it would not be worth big Richard's while to harm Edward, but if he got both lads into his power she was afraid of what might happen.

She knelt on the ground weeping and tearing her long fair hair. A group of elderly men stood before her, — nobles in fur-trimmed mantles, and knights in armor, and at least one bishop in the robes of his office. Each took his turn persuading her to be comforted and assuring her that no harm would come to her or her family. Behind the queen clustered her five daughters, two tall fair girls, the oldest sixteen, and three merry rosy lassies. Beside her stood her young son Richard, looking from his mother's tearful face to the grave ones of their visitors. They still insisted that Richard of Gloucester would treat his nephews well.

They were stronger than she, and they would not listen to her entreaties, so at last the queen said sadly: "I here deliver him and his brother's life with him into your hands, and of you I shall require them before God and man. Faithful be ye, I wot well, and power have ye, if ye list, to keep them safe, but if ye think I fear too much, beware ye fear not too little. And therewithal farewell! mine own sweet son!" she cried, turning to Richard. "God send you good keeping! Let me kiss you once ere

you go, for God knoweth when we shall see each other again!"

Then she kissed and blessed him and turned her back on him and wept. And the innocent child cried too, although very likely he really thought it would be rather nice to have a change from the dull sanctuary building, and get out in the streets once more, and go a-visiting, even if he was only going to see Uncle Richard, whom he did not much like, and Edward, who sometimes put on too many elder-brother airs.

His Uncle Richard received him with a shout of joy.

"Now welcome, my lord, with all my very heart!" he cried, taking the lad in his arms.

No doubt he spoke as he felt. Wolves and tigers are glad to see their prey at hand.

So Nephew Richard rode with Uncle Richard through the streets to the Tower of London, where the young king was. And the great door shut behind him. And never again did it open to let out either boy.

Now the Tower is not, as you might imagine from the name, a single tower, but a building with many towers, still

standing to-day in London. It stands close to the river Thames, with a high wall around it. Beyond that was formerly a moat or ditch of cold deep water, too wide for a child to swim, and the little bridge that crossed it was arranged to be drawn up and let down at the command of the Governor of the Tower, so that no one could get in or out without his leave. Many famous prisoners have been confined there, and many have died there, some most cruelly. For reasons of this kind, the particular tower where the little princes were kept was called the Bloody Tower. They were allowed to go about it, but not outside. So they wandered up and down narrow winding stairs and through stone-flagged passages, wondering what was to be done with them.

Once a guard heard the poor boy-king sighing pitifully to his brother, "I would mine uncle would let me have my life, though he taketh my crown." The guards were big, fierce-looking men, armed with axes and swords. The children trembled to look at them, and their happiest time was when they were snuggled against each other in their bed, and the light had been

taken away, and they could whisper about their mother and Elizabeth and the pony.

The old guards used to point out to the new ones these two pretty lads in their velvet suits, with golden hair like sunshine in that dismal place. And they would say that the taller one, who looked sad, but tried not to be frightened, was Edward V., King of England; that was the collar of the Most Noble Order of the Garter about his neck; and that was the Garter itself about his left knee; only princes and kings wore such things. And the smaller boy, who clung to his brother and shrank from the echoes of their steps in the dark corridors, — why, that was young Richard, Duke of York. If Edward died, he would be the rightful king. And if he died, then the rightful king would be My Lord Protector, the Duke of Gloucester.

For Richard Crook-back was now called the Lord Protector of the Kingdom, and was having everything his own way. He still pretended to be preparing a fine coronation feast for his young nephew, but the provisions he ordered were all spoiled and had to be thrown away. And still the coronation did not take place. Once he

called the great lords of the kingdom together, ostensibly to consult them about that same coronation, but instead he began complaining of the wickedness of the queen-mother.

He said she was a witch. People believed in witches then. He said she ought never to have been Queen of England, nor were her children fit to be kings. He said she had bewitched the late king, his brother. Then he pointed to his withered arm and said that was her doing also.

Now all the lords present knew very well that his arm had been withered from birth, and one was bold enough to say so. Whereupon Crook-back Richard in a towering rage ordered his head to be chopped off. Not long afterwards he had the children's uncle, Lord Rivers, beheaded, as well as several other friends who had so far been kept in prison.

And now he resolved to get rid of the two princes in the Tower. Sir Richard Brackenbury, the Governor of the Tower, refused to harm them. Whereupon the Lord Protector commanded him to give up the keys to Sir James Tyrrell, who was more obedient. Tyrrell engaged one of the keepers,

a man named Miles Forest, — "a fellow flesh-bred in murder," says the old chronicler, — and his own groom, John Dighton, "a big, broad, square knave," — to do the deed. These two powerful men were let into the chamber where the little princes lay asleep.

One night — poor dear children! — a hot, choking feeling awoke them. Something soft and bulky was pressed heavily over their faces. Strong hands held their bodies down as with a grasp of iron. They could not see, nor breathe, nor cry out. Silently they set their poor little strength against this dreadful unseen thing that had come upon them. Their struggles grew feebler and feebler; their breathing ceased altogether. Two little princes lay dead, smothered with their pillows by order of their Uncle Richard.

The two poor little bodies were hidden under the foot of the stair. Long years afterward they were found and reburied in Westminster Abbey, the last resting-place of England's kings, where their tomb may be seen to this day.

You will be glad to learn that Crook-back Richard's cruelty did him no good in the end. His own son died, then his wife died,

then his people rebelled against him, and he was finally killed in battle, fighting like a fiend against a distant cousin, who became king in his place, and married for his queen, Elizabeth, the sister of the two murdered boys.

This book may be kept

FOURTEEN DAYS

A fine of TWO CENTS will be charged for each day the book is kept over time.

JUN 7

JAN 16

APR 24

grew
pre 9
nel

Extract From Rules.

Readers must present card whenever a book is drawn, returned or renewed.

Each patron shall be entitled to draw one book at a time. No book may be retained longer than two weeks, however, if the same book has not been called for by any other person it may be taken for an additional week.

No person shall lend his library card or book to one not a member of the same household.

Writing in books is prohibited and all injuries and all losses shall be promptly adjusted to the satisfaction of the Library Committee.

Any person who shall lose a book must replace it or pay the cost of replacing it.

DISCARD

T4-AKA-210